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Hamlet Act 1

[00:01:43] Who's there?
 [00:01:44] Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.
 [00:01:48] Long live the king!
 [00:01:50] Bernardo?
 [00:01:53] He.
 [00:01:54] You come most carefully upon your hour.
 [00:01:57] 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
 [00:02:00] For this relief much thanks.
 [00:02:01] 'Tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.
 [00:02:05] Have you had quiet guard?
 [00:02:06] Not a mouse stirring.
 [00:02:08] Well, good night.
 [00:02:12] If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
 [00:02:13] The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
 [00:02:17] I think I hear them.
 [00:02:19] Stand, ho!
 [00:02:20] Who's there?
 [00:02:21] Friends to this ground.
 [00:02:23] And liegemen to the Dane.
 [00:02:25] Give you good night.
 [00:02:26] Farewell, honest soldier.
 [00:02:27] Who hath relieved you?
 [00:02:28] Bernardo hath my place.
 [00:02:30] Give you good night.
 [00:02:33] Who are! Bernardo!
 [00:02:35] Say.
 [00:02:37] What, is Horatio there?
 [00:02:40] A piece of him.
 [00:02:42] Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.
 [00:02:45] What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
 [00:02:48] I have seen nothing.
 [00:02:50] Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
 [00:02:53] And will not let belief take hold of him
 [00:02:55] Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us.
 [00:02:58] Therefore I have entreated him along with us
 [00:03:00] to watch the minutes of this night;
 [00:03:02] That if again this apparition come,
 [00:03:04] He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
 [00:03:07] Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
 [00:03:12] Sit down awhile;
 [00:03:13] And let us once again assail your ears
 [00:03:16] That are so fortified against our story
 [00:03:18] What we have two nights seen.
 [00:03:22] Well, sit we down,
 [00:03:23] And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
 [00:03:30] Last night of all,
 [00:03:32] When yond same star that's westward from the pole
 [00:03:35] Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
 [00:03:37] Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
 [00:03:40] The bell then beating one--
 [00:03:41] Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!
 [00:03:51] In the same figure like the king that's dead.
 [00:03:55] Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
 [00:04:07] Looks it not like the king?
 [00:04:09] Mark it, Horatio.
 [00:04:10] Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
 [00:04:20] It would be spoke to.
 [00:04:22] Question it, Horatio.

[00:04:25] What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
 [00:04:29] Together with that fair and warlike form
 [00:04:31] In which the majesty of buried Denmark did sometimes march?
 [00:04:37] By heaven I charge thee, speak!
 [00:04:44] It is offended.
 [00:04:46] See, it stalks away!
 [00:04:47] Stay!
 [00:04:48] Speak, speak!
 [00:04:50] I charge thee, speak!
 [00:04:53] 'Tis gone and will not answer.
 [00:04:55] How now, Horatio!
 [00:04:58] You tremble and look pale.
 [00:05:00] Is not this something more than fantasy?
 [00:05:02] What think you on't?
 [00:05:03] Before my God, I might not this believe
 [00:05:05] Without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes.
 [00:05:08] Is it not like the king?
 [00:05:09] As thou art to thyself:
 [00:05:10] Such was the very armour he had on
 [00:05:12] When he the ambitious Norway combated;
 [00:05:14] So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
 [00:05:18] He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
 [00:05:21] 'Tis strange.
 [00:05:22] Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
 [00:05:25] With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
 [00:05:28] In what particular thought to work...
 [00:05:33] I know not;
 [00:05:34] But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
 [00:05:37] This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
 [00:05:41] Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
 [00:05:47] Why this same strict and most observant watch
 [00:05:51] So nightly toils the subject of the land,
 [00:05:53] And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
 [00:05:55] And foreign mart for implements of war;
 [00:05:58] Who is it that can inform me?
 [00:06:00] That can I; At least, the whisper goes so.
 [00:06:03] Our last king,
 [00:06:05] Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
 [00:06:09] Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
 [00:06:12] Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
 [00:06:14] Dared to the combat; in the which our valiant Hamlet--
 [00:06:19] For so this side of our known world esteem'd him--
 [00:06:21] Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a seal'd compact,
 [00:06:25] Well ratified by law and heraldry,
 [00:06:27] Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
 [00:06:30] Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror.
 [00:06:35] Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
 [00:06:38] Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
 [00:06:41] Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
 [00:06:43] Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
 [00:06:47] For food and diet,
 [00:06:48] to some enterprise That hath a stomach in't;
 [00:06:50] which is none other--
 [00:06:51] As it doth well appear unto our state--
 [00:06:53] But to recover of us
 [00:06:56] by strong hand And terms compulsory
 [00:06:58] those foresaid lands So by his father lost.
 [00:07:02] And this, I take it, Is the main motive
 [00:07:04] of our preparation.
 [00:07:05] I think it be no other but e'en so:

[00:07:08] Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 [00:07:10] Comes armed through our watch;
 [00:07:11] so like the king That was and is
 [00:07:13] the question of these wars.
 [00:07:15] But soft, behold! where it comes again!
 [00:07:19] I'll cross it, though it blast me.
 [00:07:24] Stay, illusion!
 [00:07:27] If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
 [00:07:31] Speak to me:
 [00:07:32] If there be any good thing to be done
 [00:07:36] That may to thee do ease or grace to me, Speak to me.
 [00:07:42] If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 [00:07:44] Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid, O, speak!
 [00:07:48] Stop it, Marcellus.
 [00:07:49] Shall I strike at it with my partisan?
 [00:07:51] I do, if it will not stand.
 [00:07:54] 'Tis here!
 [00:07:58] 'Tis here!
 [00:08:03] 'Tis gone!
 [00:08:08] We do it wrong, being so majestic,
 [00:08:09] To offer it the show of violence;
 [00:08:11] For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
 [00:08:12] And our vain blows malicious mockery.
 [00:08:15] It was about to speak when the cock crew.
 [00:08:16] And then it started like a guilty thing
 [00:08:18] Upon a fearful summons.
 [00:08:20] I have heard, The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
 [00:08:25] Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 [00:08:28] Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
 [00:08:31] Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 [00:08:34] The extravagant and erring spirit
 [00:08:36] hies To his confine: and of the truth herein
 [00:08:40] This present object made probation.
 [00:08:42] It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 [00:08:44] Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
 [00:08:46] Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 [00:08:48] This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
 [00:08:52] And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
 [00:08:54] The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
 [00:08:57] No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 [00:09:00] So hallow'd and so gracious is that time.
 [00:09:03] So have I heard and do in part believe it.
 [00:09:06] But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 [00:09:10] Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill:
 [00:09:14] Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
 [00:09:16] Let us impart what we have seen to-night Unto young Hamlet;
 [00:09:19] for, upon my life, This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
 [00:09:24] Let's do it, I pray; and I this morning know
 [00:09:27] Where we shall find him most convenient.
 [00:09:46] Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
 [00:09:48] The memory be green and that it us befitted
 [00:09:51] To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
 [00:09:53] To be contracted in one brow of woe.
 [00:09:56] Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
 [00:10:00] That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 [00:10:03] Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 [00:10:07] Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
 [00:10:13] The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
 [00:10:16] Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy--
 [00:10:20] With one auspicious and one dropping eye,

[00:10:23] With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
 [00:10:27] In equal scale weighing delight and dole--
 [00:10:31] Taken to wife:
 [00:10:33] nor have we herein barr'd Your better wisdoms,
 [00:10:36] which have freely gone With this affair along.
 [00:10:38] For all, our thanks.
 [00:10:47] Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
 [00:10:50] Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
 [00:10:52] Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
 [00:10:54] Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
 [00:10:56] He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 [00:10:58] Importing the surrender of those lands
 [00:11:00] Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
 [00:11:03] To our most valiant brother.
 [00:11:04] So much for him.
 [00:11:06] Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:
 [00:11:08] Thus much the business is: we have here writ To Norway,
 [00:11:12] uncle of young Fortinbras-- Who, impotent and bed-rid,
 [00:11:16] scarcely hears Of this his nephew's purpose--
 [00:11:18] to suppress His further gait herein;
 [00:11:20] in that the levies, The lists and full proportions
 [00:11:22] are all made Out of his subject:
 [00:11:23] and we here dispatch You, good Cornelius,
 [00:11:25] and you, Voltemand,
 [00:11:26] For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 [00:11:30] Giving to you no further personal power
 [00:11:31] To business with the king
 [00:11:33] more than the scope Of these delated articles allow.
 [00:11:36] Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.
 [00:11:39] In that and all things will we show our duty.
 [00:11:41] We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
 [00:11:48] And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 [00:11:54] You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
 [00:11:59] You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
 [00:12:01] And loose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
 [00:12:05] That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 [00:12:08] The head is not more native to the heart,
 [00:12:10] The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 [00:12:13] Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
 [00:12:17] What wouldst thou have, Laertes?
 [00:12:19] My dread lord, Your leave and favour to return to France;
 [00:12:23] From whence though willingly I came to Denmark
 [00:12:25] To show my duty in your coronation,
 [00:12:28] Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
 [00:12:30] My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
 [00:12:33] And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
 [00:12:36] Have you your father's leave?
 [00:12:37] What says Polonius?
 [00:12:38] He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
 [00:12:41] By laboursome petition, and at last Upon his will
 [00:12:44] I seal'd my hard consent:
 [00:12:46] I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
 [00:12:54] Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
 [00:12:57] And thy best graces spend it at thy will.
 [00:13:08] But now, my cousin Hamlet and my son--
 [00:13:12] A little more than kin and less than kind.
 [00:13:15] How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
 [00:13:18] Not so, my lord; I am too much in the sun.
 [00:13:22] Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
 [00:13:27] And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

[00:13:31] Do not forever with thy veiled lids
 [00:13:33] Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
 [00:13:36] Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,
 [00:13:40] Passing through nature to eternity.
 [00:13:42] Ay, madam, it is common.
 [00:13:45] If it be, Why seems it so particular with thee?
 [00:13:48] Seems, madam!
 [00:13:50] Nay, it is; I know not "seems."
 [00:13:54] 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 [00:13:58] Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 [00:14:00] Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
 [00:14:03] No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 [00:14:07] Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
 [00:14:09] Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief
 [00:14:13] That can denote me truly: these indeed seem
 [00:14:18] For they are actions that a man might play:
 [00:14:22] But I have that within which passes show;
 [00:14:27] These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
 [00:14:30] 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
 [00:14:33] To give these mourning duties to your father:
 [00:14:35] But, you must know, your father lost a father;
 [00:14:38] That father lost, lost his,
 [00:14:40] and the survivor bound In filial obligation
 [00:14:42] for some term To do obsequious sorrow:
 [00:14:44] but to persever In obstinate condolment
 [00:14:46] is a course Of impious stubbornness;
 [00:14:48] 'tis unmanly grief;
 [00:14:51] It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
 [00:14:53] A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
 [00:14:56] An understanding simple and unschool'd:
 [00:14:57] For what we know must be
 [00:14:59] and is as common As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 [00:15:01] Why should we in our peevish opposition
 [00:15:03] Take it to heart?
 [00:15:04] Fie!
 [00:15:06] 'Tis a fault to heaven, A fault against the dead,
 [00:15:10] a fault to nature, To reason most absurd
 [00:15:13] whose common theme Is death of fathers.
 [00:15:16] We pray you, throw to earth This unprevailing woe,
 [00:15:18] and think of us As of a father:
 [00:15:23] for let the world take note,
 [00:15:25] You are the most immediate to our throne;
 [00:15:32] And with no less nobility of love
 [00:15:33] Than that which dearest father bears his son
 [00:15:35] Do I impart toward you.
 [00:15:38] For your intent In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 [00:15:42] It is most retrograde to our desires:
 [00:15:45] And we beseech you, bend you to remain Here,
 [00:15:48] in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 [00:15:50] Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
 [00:15:52] Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
 [00:15:55] I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.
 [00:15:58] I shall in all my best obey you, madam.
 [00:16:02] Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
 [00:16:06] Be as ourself in Denmark.
 [00:16:09] Madam, come; This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
 [00:16:12] Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
 [00:16:16] No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
 [00:16:19] But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
 [00:16:21] And the king's rouse the heavens all bruit again,

[00:16:24] Re-speaking earthly thunder.
 [00:16:27] Come away.
 [00:16:46] O, that this too too solid flesh would melt
 [00:16:51] Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
 [00:16:56] Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd His cannon
 [00:16:58] 'gainst self-slaughter!
 [00:17:01] O God!
 [00:17:03] God!
 [00:17:05] How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
 [00:17:09] Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 [00:17:11] Fie on't! O, fie!
 [00:17:14] 'Tis an unweeded garden, That grows to seed.
 [00:17:18] Things rank and gross in nature Possess it merely.
 [00:17:23] That it should come to this!
 [00:17:25] But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
 [00:17:30] So excellent a king;
 [00:17:31] that was, to this, Hyperion to a satyr;
 [00:17:36] so loving to my mother
 [00:17:38] That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 [00:17:41] Visit her face too roughly.
 [00:17:44] Heaven and earth! Must I remember?
 [00:17:47] Why, she would hang on him,
 [00:17:49] As if increase of appetite had grown By what it fed on:
 [00:17:53] and yet, within a month-- Let me not think on't.
 [00:18:01] Frailty, thy name is woman!
 [00:18:05] A little month, or ere those shoes were old
 [00:18:09] With which she follow'd my poor father's body
 [00:18:11] Like Niobe, all tears.
 [00:18:13] Why she, even she-- O, God!
 [00:18:16] A beast, that wants discourse of reason
 [00:18:17] Would have mourn'd longer--
 [00:18:20] married with my uncle, My father's brother,
 [00:18:27] but no more like my father Than I to Hercules.
 [00:18:33] Within a month.
 [00:18:36] Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 [00:18:39] Hath left the flushing in her galled eyes, She married.
 [00:18:45] O, most wicked speed,
 [00:18:47] to post With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 [00:18:55] It is not nor it cannot come to good:
 [00:19:02] But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.
 [00:19:09] Hail to your lordship!
 [00:19:10] I'm glad to see thee well.
 [00:19:14] Horatio.
 [00:19:16] I do forget myself.
 [00:19:18] The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
 [00:19:21] Sir, my good friend;
 [00:19:22] I'll change that name with you:
 [00:19:25] And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
 [00:19:28] Marcellus?
 [00:19:29] My good lord.
 [00:19:30] I am very glad to see you.
 [00:19:31] Good even, sir.
 [00:19:33] What, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
 [00:19:35] A truant disposition, good my lord.
 [00:19:37] I would not hear your enemy say so.
 [00:19:39] I know you are no truant.
 [00:19:41] But what is your affair in Elsinore?
 [00:19:44] We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
 [00:19:47] My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
 [00:19:50] I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;

[00:19:53] I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
 [00:19:55] Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
 [00:19:57] Thrift, thrift, Horatio!
 [00:19:59] The funeral baked meats
 [00:20:00] Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
 [00:20:04] Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
 [00:20:07] Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
 [00:20:10] My father!
 [00:20:13] Methinks I see my father.
 [00:20:15] Where, my lord?
 [00:20:18] In my mind's eye, Horatio.
 [00:20:22] I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
 [00:20:27] He was a man, take him for all in all,
 [00:20:30] I shall not look upon his like again.
 [00:20:36] My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
 [00:20:39] Saw who?
 [00:20:41] My lord, the king your father.
 [00:20:43] The king my father!
 [00:20:45] Season your admiration for awhile With an attent ear
 [00:20:47] till I may deliver,
 [00:20:49] Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
 [00:20:50] This marvel to you.
 [00:20:52] For God's love, let me hear.
 [00:20:53] Two nights together had these gentlemen,
 [00:20:55] Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch
 [00:20:57] In the dead waste and middle of the night
 [00:20:59] Been thus encounter'd.
 [00:21:01] A figure like your father, Armed at point exactly,
 [00:21:05] cap-a-pe, Appears before them,
 [00:21:07] and with solemn march Goes slow and stately by them.
 [00:21:10] Thrice he walk'd
 [00:21:11] By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes
 [00:21:13] Within his truncheon's length; whilst they,
 [00:21:16] distilled Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
 [00:21:18] Stand dumb and speak not to him.
 [00:21:20] This to me In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
 [00:21:24] And I with them the third night kept the watch;
 [00:21:26] Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time, Form of the thing,
 [00:21:29] each word made true and good, The apparition comes:
 [00:21:34] I knew your father; These hands are not more like.
 [00:21:37] But where was this?
 [00:21:38] My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
 [00:21:40] Did you not speak to it?
 [00:21:41] My lord, I did; But answer made it none.
 [00:21:44] Yet once methought It lifted up its head
 [00:21:47] and did address Itself to motion,
 [00:21:48] like it would speak;
 [00:21:50] But even then the morning cock crew loud,
 [00:21:53] And at its sound it shrunk in haste away,
 [00:21:56] And vanish'd from our sight.
 [00:21:58] 'Tis very strange.
 [00:22:00] As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
 [00:22:03] And we did think it writ down in our duty
 [00:22:04] To let you know of it.
 [00:22:06] Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 [00:22:08] Hold you the watch to-night?
 [00:22:10] We do, my lord.
 [00:22:11] Arm'd, you say?
 [00:22:12] Arm'd, my lord.
 [00:22:13] From top to toe?

[00:22:14] My lord, from head to foot.
 [00:22:16] Then saw you not his face?
 [00:22:17] O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
 [00:22:18] What look'd he? Frowningly?
 [00:22:19] A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
 [00:22:21] Pale or red?
 [00:22:22] Nay, very pale.
 [00:22:23] And fix'd his eyes upon you?
 [00:22:24] Most constantly.
 [00:22:25] I would had I been there.
 [00:22:27] It would have much amazed you.
 [00:22:28] Very like, very like.
 [00:22:30] Stay'd it long?
 [00:22:31] While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
 [00:22:33] Longer.
 [00:22:34] Not when I saw't.
 [00:22:35] His beard was grizzled--no?
 [00:22:38] It was as I have seen it in his life, A sable silver'd.
 [00:22:44] I will watch to-night; Perchance 'twill walk again.
 [00:22:48] I warrant it will.
 [00:22:49] If it assume my noble father's person,
 [00:22:50] I'll speak to it,
 [00:22:51] though hell itself should gape And bid me hold my peace.
 [00:22:53] I pray you all,
 [00:22:55] If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
 [00:22:56] Let it be tenable in your silence still;
 [00:22:59] And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
 [00:23:01] Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
 [00:23:04] I will requite your loves.
 [00:23:05] So, fare you well:
 [00:23:07] Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 [00:23:09] I'll visit you.
 [00:23:10] Our duty to your honour.
 [00:23:11] Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
 [00:23:20] My father's spirit in arms!
 [00:23:26] All is not well; I doubt some foul play:
 [00:23:31] O, would the night were come!
 [00:23:33] Till then sit still, my soul:
 [00:23:36] foul deeds will rise,
 [00:23:40] Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
 [00:23:47] My necessities are embark'd.
 [00:23:50] Farewell.
 [00:23:52] And, sister, as the winds give benefit
 [00:23:54] And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
 [00:23:57] But let me hear from you.
 [00:23:59] Do you doubt that?
 [00:24:02] For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
 [00:24:06] Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
 [00:24:08] A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 [00:24:11] Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
 [00:24:13] The perfume and suppliance of a minute; No more.
 [00:24:17] No more but so?
 [00:24:21] Think it no more.
 [00:24:25] Perhaps he loves you now, but you must fear,
 [00:24:29] His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
 [00:24:32] For he himself is subject to his birth:
 [00:24:35] He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 [00:24:37] Carve for himself;
 [00:24:39] for on his choice depends The sanity and health
 [00:24:42] of this whole state; And therefore must his choice be

[00:24:44] circumscribed Unto the voice and yielding of that body
 [00:24:48] Whereof he is the head.
 [00:24:50] Then if he says he loves you,
 [00:24:54] It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
 [00:24:57] As he in his particular act and place
 [00:24:59] May give his saying deed; which is no further
 [00:25:02] Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 [00:25:06] Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 [00:25:09] If with too credent ear you list his songs,
 [00:25:11] Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure
 [00:25:15] open To his unmaster'd importunity.
 [00:25:18] Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
 [00:25:24] And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 [00:25:27] Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 [00:25:30] I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
 [00:25:33] As watchman to my heart.
 [00:25:36] But, good my brother, Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 [00:25:40] Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
 [00:25:44] Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 [00:25:46] Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 [00:25:49] And recks not his own rede.
 [00:25:51] O, fear me not.
 [00:25:54] Yet here, Laertes!
 [00:25:57] Aboard, aboard, for shame!
 [00:26:00] The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 [00:26:02] And you are stay'd for.
 [00:26:05] There; my blessing with thee!
 [00:26:11] And these few precepts in thy memory look thou character.
 [00:26:14] Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 [00:26:17] Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 [00:26:20] Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 [00:26:22] Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 [00:26:26] Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
 [00:26:29] But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 [00:26:32] Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged courage.
 [00:26:36] Beware Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
 [00:26:40] Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
 [00:26:43] Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
 [00:26:46] Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 [00:26:51] Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 [00:26:54] But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
 [00:26:57] For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 [00:27:00] And they in France of the best rank and station
 [00:27:02] Are of a most select and generous choice in that.
 [00:27:07] Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
 [00:27:12] For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 [00:27:15] And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 [00:27:19] This above all: to thine ownself be true,
 [00:27:23] And it must follow, as the night the day,
 [00:27:25] Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 [00:27:29] Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!
 [00:27:37] Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
 [00:27:41] The time invites you; go; your servants tend.
 [00:27:44] Farewell, Ophelia;
 [00:27:46] and remember well What I have said to you.
 [00:27:49] 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 [00:27:51] And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
 [00:27:55] Farewell.
 [00:28:11] What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
 [00:28:13] So please you,

[00:28:15] something touching the Lord Hamlet.
 [00:28:19] Marry, well bethought:
 [00:28:20] 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
 [00:28:22] Given private time to you;
 [00:28:23] and you yourself Have of your audience
 [00:28:25] been most free and bounteous.
 [00:28:27] What is between you? Hmm?
 [00:28:31] Give me up the truth.
 [00:28:33] He hath, my lord,
 [00:28:34] of late made many tenders Of his affection to me.
 [00:28:38] Affection!
 [00:28:40] Pooh!
 [00:28:41] You speak like a green girl,
 [00:28:43] Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
 [00:28:45] Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
 [00:28:47] I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
 [00:28:50] Marry, I shall teach you: think yourself a baby;
 [00:28:53] That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
 [00:28:55] Which are not sterling.
 [00:28:57] Tender yourself more dearly;
 [00:28:58] Or--not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 [00:29:01] Running it thus-- you'll tender me a fool.
 [00:29:02] My lord, he hath importuned me with love In honourable fashion.
 [00:29:06] Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.
 [00:29:09] And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
 [00:29:11] With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
 [00:29:14] Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.
 [00:29:19] I do know, When the blood burns,
 [00:29:22] how prodigal the soul Lends the tongue vows:
 [00:29:25] these blazes, daughter, Giving more light than heat,
 [00:29:29] extinct in both, Even in their promise,
 [00:29:31] as they are a-making, You must not take for fire.
 [00:29:34] In few, Ophelia, Do not believe his vows;
 [00:29:40] Now, this is for all: I would not, in plain terms,
 [00:29:43] from this time forth,
 [00:29:44] Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
 [00:29:46] As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
 [00:29:50] Look to't, I charge you.
 [00:29:57] Come your ways.
 [00:29:59] I shall obey, my lord.
 [00:30:11] The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
 [00:30:15] It is a nipping and an eager air.
 [00:30:16] What hour now?
 [00:30:17] I think it lacks of twelve.
 [00:30:19] No, it is struck.
 [00:30:20] Indeed? I heard it not:
 [00:30:22] Then draws near the season
 [00:30:24] Wherein the spirit held its wont to walk.
 [00:30:33] What does this mean, my lord?
 [00:30:34] The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
 [00:30:36] Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
 [00:30:39] And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 [00:30:42] The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
 [00:30:44] The triumph of his pledge.
 [00:30:47] Is it a custom?
 [00:30:48] Ay, marry, is't: But to my mind,
 [00:30:51] though I am native here And to the manner born,
 [00:30:54] it is a custom More honour'd
 [00:30:55] in the breach than the observance.
 [00:30:58] This heavy-headed revel east and west

[00:31:00] Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:
 [00:31:02] They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 [00:31:06] Soil our addition;
 [00:31:08] and indeed it takes From our achievements,
 [00:31:10] though perform'd at height,
 [00:31:11] The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 [00:31:19] So, oft it chances in particular men,
 [00:31:23] That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 [00:31:25] As in their birth-- wherein they are not guilty,
 [00:31:28] Since nature cannot choose his origin--
 [00:31:30] By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
 [00:31:33] Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
 [00:31:37] Or by some habit
 [00:31:39] that too much o'er-leavens the form of plausible manners.
 [00:31:48] That these men, Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 [00:31:52] Being nature's livery, or fortune's star--
 [00:31:55] his virtues else-- be they as pure as grace,
 [00:31:58] As infinite as man may undergo-- Shall in the general censure
 [00:32:02] take corruption From that particular fault.
 [00:32:05] Look, my lord, it comes!
 [00:32:11] Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
 [00:32:16] Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
 [00:32:19] Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
 [00:32:22] Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 [00:32:24] Thou comest in such a questionable shape
 [00:32:26] That I will speak with thee:
 [00:32:29] I'll call thee Hamlet, King, father, royal Dane:
 [00:32:38] O, answer me!
 [00:32:39] Let me not burst in ignorance
 [00:32:42] but tell Why thy canonized bones,
 [00:32:44] hearsed in death, Have burst their cerements;
 [00:32:46] why the sepulchre
 [00:32:47] Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd
 [00:32:49] Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
 [00:32:52] To cast thee up again.
 [00:32:55] What may this mean, That thou, dead corse,
 [00:32:59] again in complete steel Revisit'st thus
 [00:33:01] the glimpses of the moon, Making night hideous;
 [00:33:05] and we fools of nature
 [00:33:06] So horridly to shake our dispositions
 [00:33:08] With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 [00:33:12] Say, why is this?
 [00:33:14] Wherefore?
 [00:33:17] What should we do?
 [00:33:19] It beckons you to go away with it,
 [00:33:20] As if it some impartment did desire with you alone.
 [00:33:23] Look, with what courteous action It waded you
 [00:33:25] to a more removed ground: But do not go with it.
 [00:33:26] By no means, my lord.
 [00:33:27] It will not speak; then I will follow it.
 [00:33:29] Do not, my lord.
 [00:33:30] Why, what should be the fear?
 [00:33:31] I do not set my life in a pin's fee;
 [00:33:33] And for my soul, what can it do to that,
 [00:33:35] Being a thing immortal as itself?
 [00:33:39] It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.
 [00:33:41] What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
 [00:33:42] Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
 [00:33:44] That beetles o'er his base into the sea
 [00:33:45] And there assume some other horrible form

[00:33:47] Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
 [00:33:48] And draw you into madness?
 [00:33:49] Think of it.
 [00:33:51] It waves me still.
 [00:33:53] Go on; I'll follow thee.
 [00:33:54] You shall not go, my lord.
 [00:33:55] Hold off your hands.
 [00:33:56] Be ruled; you shall not.
 [00:33:57] My fate cries out, And makes each petty artery in this body
 [00:34:01] As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve!
 [00:34:05] Still am I call'd.
 [00:34:06] Unhand me, gentlemen.
 [00:34:08] By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
 [00:34:10] I say, away!
 [00:34:14] Go on; I'll follow thee.
 [00:34:17] He waxes desperate with imagination.
 [00:34:19] Let's follow him; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
 [00:34:22] I have after.
 [00:34:23] To what issue will this come?
 [00:34:25] Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
 [00:34:29] Heaven will direct it.
 [00:34:30] Nay, let's follow him.
 [00:35:01] Where wilt thou lead me?
 [00:35:08] Speak;
 [00:35:15] I'll go no further.
 [00:35:23] Mark me.
 [00:35:24] I will.
 [00:35:26] My hour is almost come,
 [00:35:27] When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
 [00:35:29] Must render up myself.
 [00:35:30] Alas, poor ghost!
 [00:35:31] Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 [00:35:33] To what I shall unfold.
 [00:35:35] Speak; I am bound to hear.
 [00:35:37] So art thou to revenge when thou shalt hear.
 [00:35:40] What?
 [00:35:45] I am thy father's spirit,
 [00:35:48] Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 [00:35:51] And for the day confined to fast in fires,
 [00:35:53] Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
 [00:35:55] Are burnt and purged away.
 [00:35:59] But that I am forbid To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 [00:36:01] I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
 [00:36:04] Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 [00:36:06] Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
 [00:36:10] Thy knotted and combined locks to part
 [00:36:12] And each particular hair to stand on end,
 [00:36:15] Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.
 [00:36:19] But this eternal blazon must not be
 [00:36:21] To ears of flesh and blood.
 [00:36:23] List, list, O, list!
 [00:36:26] If thou didst ever thy dear father love--
 [00:36:29] O God!
 [00:36:30] Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
 [00:36:34] Murder!
 [00:36:35] Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
 [00:36:39] But this most foul, strange and unnatural.
 [00:36:41] Haste me to know't, that I,
 [00:36:44] with wings as swift As meditation
 [00:36:46] or the thoughts of love, May sweep to my revenge.

[00:36:49] I find thee apt;
 [00:36:51] And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 [00:36:53] That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
 [00:36:55] Wouldst thou not stir in this.
 [00:36:58] Now, Hamlet, hear:
 [00:37:01] 'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
 [00:37:04] A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
 [00:37:08] Is by a forged process of my death Rankly abused.
 [00:37:12] But know, thou noble youth,
 [00:37:16] The serpent that did sting thy father's life
 [00:37:18] Now wears his crown.
 [00:37:20] O my prophetic soul!
 [00:37:24] My uncle!
 [00:37:25] Nay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 [00:37:29] With witchcraft of his wits, with traitorous gifts--
 [00:37:32] O wicked wit and gifts,
 [00:37:33] that have the power So to seduce!
 [00:37:35] Won to his shameful lust
 [00:37:37] The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
 [00:37:44] O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
 [00:37:52] From me, whose love was of that dignity
 [00:37:56] That it went hand in hand
 [00:37:57] even with the vow I made to her in marriage,
 [00:38:01] and to decline Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
 [00:38:03] To those of mine!
 [00:38:08] But virtue, as it never will be moved,
 [00:38:10] Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
 [00:38:12] So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 [00:38:15] Will sate itself in a celestial bed
 [00:38:17] And prey on garbage.
 [00:38:22] But, soft!
 [00:38:23] Methinks I scent the morning air;
 [00:38:25] Brief let me be.
 [00:38:28] Sleeping within my orchard,
 [00:38:29] My custom always of the afternoon,
 [00:38:31] Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
 [00:38:33] With juice of cursed hebona in a vial,
 [00:38:36] And in the porches of my ears
 [00:38:38] did pour The leperous distilment;
 [00:38:40] whose effect Holds such an enmity
 [00:38:42] with blood of man That swift as quicksilver
 [00:38:44] it courses through The natural gates and alleys of the body,
 [00:38:47] And with a sudden vigour it doth posset And curd,
 [00:38:49] like eager droppings into milk, The thin and wholesome blood:
 [00:38:54] so did it mine;
 [00:38:56] And a most instant tetter bark'd about, Most lazar-like,
 [00:39:01] with vile and loathsome crust, All my smooth body.
 [00:39:09] Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand Of life,
 [00:39:14] of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd.
 [00:39:16] Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 [00:39:18] Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd, No reckoning made,
 [00:39:22] but sent to my account
 [00:39:23] With all my imperfections on my head.
 [00:39:28] O, horrible!
 [00:39:30] Most horrible!
 [00:39:39] If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 [00:39:42] Let not the royal bed of Denmark
 [00:39:44] be a couch for luxury and damned incest.
 [00:39:48] But, howsomever thou pursuest this act, Taint not thy mind,
 [00:39:53] nor let thy soul contrive Against thy mother aught:

[00:39:56] leave her to heaven And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 [00:40:02] To prick and sting her.
 [00:40:07] Fare thee well at once!
 [00:40:08] The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 [00:40:12] And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 [00:40:17] Adieu.
 [00:40:20] Adieu, adieu.
 [00:40:25] Remember me.
 [00:40:45] O you host of heaven!
 [00:40:48] O earth!
 [00:40:50] What else?
 [00:40:51] And shall I couple hell?
 [00:40:53] Fie! Fie!
 [00:40:56] Hold, hold, my heart;
 [00:41:01] And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 [00:41:05] But bear me stiffly up.
 [00:41:06] Remember thee!
 [00:41:08] Ay, thou poor ghost,
 [00:41:09] whilst memory holds a seat In this distracted globe.
 [00:41:12] Remember thee!
 [00:41:14] Yea, from the table of my memory
 [00:41:15] I'll wipe away all trivial fond records, All saws of books,
 [00:41:19] all forms, all pressures past,
 [00:41:22] That youth and observation copied there;
 [00:41:25] And thy commandment all alone shall live
 [00:41:28] Within the book and volume of my brain,
 [00:41:30] Unmix'd with baser matter.
 [00:41:35] Yes, yes, by heaven!
 [00:41:39] O most pernicious woman!
 [00:41:41] O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 [00:41:46] My tables, my tables.
 [00:41:48] Meet it as I set it down,
 [00:41:49] That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 [00:41:52] At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:
 [00:41:55] So, uncle, there you are.
 [00:41:59] Now to my word; It is Adieu, adieu!
 [00:42:03] Remember me.
 [00:42:05] I have sworn it.
 [00:42:09] My lord.
 [00:42:10] My lord?
 [00:42:11] Lord Hamlet?
 [00:42:13] Heaven secure him!
 [00:42:14] So be it!
 [00:42:15] Hello, ho, ho, my lord!
 [00:42:17] Hello, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
 [00:42:19] Come, bird, come.
 [00:42:20] How is't, my noble lord?
 [00:42:22] What news, my lord?
 [00:42:23] O, wonderful!
 [00:42:24] Good my lord, tell it.
 [00:42:25] No.
 [00:42:26] You will reveal it.
 [00:42:27] My lord, by heaven.
 [00:42:29] Nor I, my lord.
 [00:42:30] How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?
 [00:42:32] But you'll be secret?
 [00:42:33] Ay, by heaven, my lord.
 [00:42:34] There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
 [00:42:37] But he's an arrant knave.
 [00:42:39] There needs no ghost, my lord,

[00:42:41] come from the grave To tell us this.
 [00:42:42] Why, right; you are in the right;
 [00:42:44] And so, without more circumstance at all,
 [00:42:46] I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
 [00:42:48] You, as your business and desire shall point you;
 [00:42:50] For every man hath business and desire, Such as it is;
 [00:42:55] and for mine own poor part, Look you, I'll go pray.
 [00:42:58] These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
 [00:43:00] I'm sorry they offend you, heartily; Yes, faith heartily.
 [00:43:04] There's no offence, my lord.
 [00:43:05] Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
 [00:43:08] And much offence too.
 [00:43:10] Touching this vision here, It is an honest ghost,
 [00:43:13] that let me tell you:
 [00:43:14] For your desire to know what is between us,
 [00:43:16] O'ermaster it as you may.
 [00:43:18] And now, good friends,
 [00:43:19] As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
 [00:43:21] Give me one poor request.
 [00:43:23] What is't, my lord? We will.
 [00:43:25] Never make known what you have seen to-night.
 [00:43:27] My lord, we will not.
 [00:43:28] Nay, but swear't.
 [00:43:30] In faith, My lord, not I.
 [00:43:31] Nor I, my lord, in faith.
 [00:43:32] Upon my sword.
 [00:43:33] We have sworn, my lord, already.
 [00:43:35] Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
 [00:43:39] Swear.
 [00:43:40] Ah, ha, boy!
 [00:43:42] Say'st thou so?
 [00:43:44] Art thou there, truepenny?
 [00:43:46] Come on.
 [00:43:48] You hear this fellow in the cellarage.
 [00:43:50] Consent to swear.
 [00:43:51] Propose the oath, my lord.
 [00:43:53] Never to speak of this that you have seen,
 [00:43:55] Swear by my sword.
 [00:43:57] Swear.
 [00:43:59] Hic et ubique?
 [00:44:01] Then we'll shift our ground.
 [00:44:02] Come hither, gentlemen, And lay your hands again upon my sword.
 [00:44:05] Swear by my sword never to speak of this
 [00:44:08] that you have heard.
 [00:44:09] Swear by his sword.
 [00:44:13] Well said, old mole!
 [00:44:15] Canst work in the earth so fast?
 [00:44:17] A worthy pioner!
 [00:44:18] Once more remove, good friends.
 [00:44:20] O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
 [00:44:25] And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
 [00:44:29] There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 [00:44:32] Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
 [00:44:36] But come; Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
 [00:44:39] How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
 [00:44:41] As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
 [00:44:44] To put an antic disposition on, That you,
 [00:44:46] at such times seeing me, ne'er shall,
 [00:44:48] With arms encumber'd thus, or this headshake
 [00:44:51] Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

[00:44:54] As "Well, well, we know," or "We would, an' if we could,"
[00:44:58] Or "If we list to speak," or "There be, an' if they might,"
[00:45:01] Or such ambiguous giving out,
[00:45:02] to note That you know aught of me: this do swear,
[00:45:06] So grace and mercy at your most need help you.
[00:45:10] Swear.
[00:45:12] Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!
[00:45:19] So, gentlemen, with all my love I do commend me to you.
[00:45:27] Let us go in together;
[00:45:31] And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
[00:45:42] The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
[00:45:49] That ever I was born to set it right.
[00:46:01] Nay, come, let's go together.

Hamlet Act 2

[00:46:09] Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
 [00:46:11] I will, my lord.
 [00:46:13] You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
 [00:46:15] Before you visit him, to make inquire Of his behavior.
 [00:46:18] My lord, I did intend it.
 [00:46:20] Marry, well said; very well said.
 [00:46:23] Look you, sir, Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
 [00:46:27] And how, and who, what means, where they keep,
 [00:46:29] What company, at what expense;
 [00:46:31] and finding By this encompassment
 [00:46:32] and drift of question That they do know my son,
 [00:46:35] come you more nearer
 [00:46:36] Than your particular demands will touch it:
 [00:46:39] Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
 [00:46:43] As thus, "I know his father and his friends
 [00:46:46] And in part him."
 [00:46:50] Do you mark this, Reynaldo?
 [00:46:51] Ay, very well, my lord.
 [00:46:53] "And in part him;" but you may say, "not well.
 [00:46:57] "And if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
 [00:47:00] Addicted, so and so."
 [00:47:02] And there put on him What forgeries you please;
 [00:47:04] marry, none so rank As may dishonour him;
 [00:47:06] take heed of that;
 [00:47:08] But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips
 [00:47:11] As are companions noted and most known
 [00:47:13] To youth and liberty.
 [00:47:14] As gaming, my lord.
 [00:47:16] Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
 [00:47:24] Drabbing: you may go so far.
 [00:47:26] My lord, that would dishonour him.
 [00:47:28] Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
 [00:47:32] But, my good lord--
 [00:47:34] Wherefore should you do this?
 [00:47:35] Ay, my lord, I would know that.
 [00:47:36] Marry, sir, here's my drift;
 [00:47:39] You laying these slight sullies on my son,
 [00:47:42] Your party in converse, him you would sound,
 [00:47:45] Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
 [00:47:48] The youth you breathe of guilty,
 [00:47:50] be assured He closes with you in this consequence;
 [00:47:53] "Good sir," or so, or "friend," or "gentleman,"
 [00:47:56] According to the phrase and the addition Of man and country.
 [00:47:59] Very good, my lord.
 [00:48:00] And then, sir, does he this--he does--
 [00:48:07] what was I about to say?
 [00:48:09] By the mass, I was about to say something: where did I leave?
 [00:48:13] At "closes in the consequence," at "friend or so"
 [00:48:16] and "gentleman."
 [00:48:17] At "closes in the consequence"?
 [00:48:21] Ay, marry; He closes thus:
 [00:48:24] "I know the gentleman; I saw him yesterday,"
 [00:48:27] or t' other day, Or then, or then; with such,
 [00:48:29] or such; and, as you say,
 [00:48:31] There was a' gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;
 [00:48:34] There falling out at tennis: or perchance,
 [00:48:38] "I saw him enter such a house of sale,"
 [00:48:41] Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

[00:48:44] See you now;
 [00:48:45] Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
 [00:48:49] And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
 [00:48:52] With windlasses and with assays of bias,
 [00:48:55] By indirections find directions out:
 [00:48:59] So by my former lecture and advice, Shall you my son.
 [00:49:02] You have me, have you not?
 [00:49:04] My lord, I have.
 [00:49:06] God be wi' you; fare you well.
 [00:49:07] Good my lord!
 [00:49:09] Observe his inclination in yourself.
 [00:49:11] I shall, my lord.
 [00:49:12] And...
 [00:49:16] Let him ply his music.
 [00:49:18] Well, my lord.
 [00:49:20] Farewell!
 [00:49:22] How now, Ophelia!
 [00:49:26] What's the matter?
 [00:49:27] My lord, my lord, I've have been so affrighted!
 [00:49:30] With what, i' the name of God?
 [00:49:32] My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
 [00:49:36] Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced;
 [00:49:39] No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
 [00:49:43] Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle; Pale as his shirt;
 [00:49:48] his knees knocking each other;
 [00:49:52] And with a look so piteous in purport
 [00:49:54] As if he had been loosed out of hell To speak of horrors,
 [00:49:58] he comes before me.
 [00:50:02] Mad for thy love?
 [00:50:03] My lord, I do not know; But truly, I do fear it.
 [00:50:07] What said he?
 [00:50:08] He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
 [00:50:12] Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
 [00:50:15] And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
 [00:50:18] He falls to such perusal of my face As he would draw it.
 [00:50:25] Long stay'd he so;
 [00:50:28] At last, a little shaking of mine arm
 [00:50:30] And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
 [00:50:36] He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
 [00:50:42] As it did seem to shatter all his bulk And end his being.
 [00:50:48] That done, he lets me go:
 [00:50:52] And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 [00:50:54] He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
 [00:50:57] For out o' doors he went without their helps,
 [00:51:00] And, to the last, bended their light on me.
 [00:51:04] Oh, come.
 [00:51:08] Go with me: I will go seek the king.
 [00:51:13] This is the very ecstasy of love.
 [00:51:16] What, have you given him any hard words of late?
 [00:51:18] No, my good lord, but, as you did command,
 [00:51:20] I did repel his letters and denied His access to me.
 [00:51:26] That hath made him mad.
 [00:51:29] Oh, I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
 [00:51:32] I had not quoted him:
 [00:51:34] I fear'd he did but trifle And meant to wreck thee;
 [00:51:37] Oh, I'm sorry.
 [00:51:40] Go we to the king:
 [00:51:43] This must be known; which, being kept close,
 [00:51:46] might move More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
 [00:51:53] Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

[00:51:58] Moreover that we much did long to see you,
 [00:52:00] The need we have to use you did provoke Our hasty sending.
 [00:52:04] Something have you heard Of Hamlet's transformation;
 [00:52:08] so I call it,
 [00:52:09] Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
 [00:52:11] Resembles that it was.
 [00:52:13] What it should be, More than his father's death,
 [00:52:17] that thus hath put him
 [00:52:18] So much from the understanding of himself,
 [00:52:20] I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
 [00:52:23] That, being of so young days brought up with him,
 [00:52:25] And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and havior,
 [00:52:27] That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
 [00:52:29] Some little time:
 [00:52:31] so by your companies To draw him on to pleasures,
 [00:52:33] and to gather, So much as from occasion you may glean,
 [00:52:37] Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
 [00:52:40] That, open'd, lies within our remedy.
 [00:52:42] Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
 [00:52:44] And sure I am two men there is not living
 [00:52:46] To whom he more adheres.
 [00:52:48] Both your majesties Might,
 [00:52:49] by the sovereign power you have of us,
 [00:52:50] Put your dread pleasures more into command Than to entreaty.
 [00:52:55] But we both obey, And here give up ourselves,
 [00:52:57] in the full bent To lay our service freely at your feet,
 [00:53:01] To be commanded.
 [00:53:02] Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.
 [00:53:05] Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
 [00:53:08] And I beseech you instantly
 [00:53:10] to visit My too much changed son.
 [00:53:13] Heaven make our presence and our practises Pleasant
 [00:53:16] and helpful to him!
 [00:53:17] Ay.
 [00:53:19] Amen.
 [00:53:22] The ambassadors from Norway, My good lord,
 [00:53:25] Are joyfully return'd.
 [00:53:26] Thou still hast been the father of good news.
 [00:53:31] Have I, my lord?
 [00:53:32] I assure you, my good liege,
 [00:53:34] I hold my duty as I hold my soul
 [00:53:37] Both to my God and to my gracious king:
 [00:53:39] And I do think, or else this brain of mine
 [00:53:43] Hunts not the trail of policy so sure As it hath used to do,
 [00:53:46] that I have found The very cause
 [00:53:49] of Hamlet's lunacy.
 [00:53:50] O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.
 [00:53:54] Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
 [00:53:56] My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
 [00:53:59] Thysself do grace to them, and bring them in.
 [00:54:04] He tells me, my dear Gertrude,
 [00:54:05] he hath found The head and source
 [00:54:07] of all your son's distemper.
 [00:54:09] I doubt it is no other but the main;
 [00:54:12] His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.
 [00:54:18] Well, we shall sift him.
 [00:54:23] Welcome, my good friends!
 [00:54:27] Say, Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?
 [00:54:29] Most fair return of greetings and desires.
 [00:54:32] Upon our first, he sent out to suppress His nephew's levies;

[00:54:37] which to him appear'd To be a preparation
 [00:54:39] 'gainst the Polack; But, better look'd into,
 [00:54:41] he truly found It was against your highness:
 [00:54:44] whereat grieved,
 [00:54:46] That so his sickness, age and impotence
 [00:54:47] Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests On Fortinbras;
 [00:54:51] which he, in brief, obeys;
 [00:54:52] Receives rebuke from Norway,
 [00:54:54] and in fine Makes vow before his uncle
 [00:54:57] never more To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
 [00:55:02] Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
 [00:55:05] Gives him three score thousand crowns in annual fee,
 [00:55:08] And his commission to employ those soldiers,
 [00:55:11] So levied as before, against the Polack:
 [00:55:14] With an entreaty, herein further shown,
 [00:55:16] That it might please you to give quiet pass
 [00:55:18] Through your dominions for this enterprise,
 [00:55:20] On such regards of safety and allowance
 [00:55:24] As therein are set down.
 [00:55:25] It likes us well;
 [00:55:28] Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
 [00:55:31] Most welcome home!
 [00:55:37] This business is well ended.
 [00:55:48] My liege, and madam,
 [00:55:50] to expostulate What majesty should be,
 [00:55:54] what duty is, Why day is day,
 [00:55:57] night night, and time is time,
 [00:55:59] Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
 [00:56:02] Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit
 [00:56:05] And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
 [00:56:09] I will be brief: your noble son is mad.
 [00:56:14] Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
 [00:56:18] What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
 [00:56:22] But let that go.
 [00:56:23] More matter, with less art.
 [00:56:27] Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
 [00:56:30] That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
 [00:56:33] And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
 [00:56:37] But farewell it, for I will use no art.
 [00:56:39] Mad let us grant him, then:
 [00:56:41] and now remains That we find out the cause of this effect,
 [00:56:45] Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
 [00:56:48] For this effect defective comes by cause:
 [00:56:51] Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
 [00:56:56] Perpend.
 [00:56:58] I have a daughter-- have while she is mine--
 [00:57:01] Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
 [00:57:03] Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.
 [00:57:10] "To the celestial and my soul's idol,
 [00:57:13] the most beautified Ophelia."
 [00:57:16] That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase;
 [00:57:19] "beautified" is a vile phrase: but you shall hear.
 [00:57:23] Thus: "In her excellent white bosom, these"--et cetera.
 [00:57:29] Came this from Hamlet to her?
 [00:57:32] Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.
 [00:57:36] "Doubt thou the stars are fire; Doubt that the sun doth move;
 [00:57:41] "Doubt truth to be a liar; But never doubt I love.
 [00:57:45] "O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers;
 [00:57:48] "I have not art to reckon my groans:
 [00:57:50] "but that I love thee best, O more best, believe it.

[00:57:53] "Adieu.
 [00:57:55] "Thine evermore most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him.
 [00:58:01] --Hamlet."
 [00:58:03] This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me.
 [00:58:06] But how hath she Received his love?
 [00:58:11] What do you think of me?
 [00:58:12] As of a man faithful and honourable.
 [00:58:14] I would fain prove so.
 [00:58:17] But what might you think,
 [00:58:19] When I had seen this hot love on the wing--
 [00:58:21] As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
 [00:58:23] Before my daughter told me-- what might you,
 [00:58:25] Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
 [00:58:27] If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
 [00:58:30] Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
 [00:58:34] Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
 [00:58:36] What might you think?
 [00:58:37] No, I went round to work,
 [00:58:40] And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
 [00:58:42] "Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
 [00:58:44] This must not be."
 [00:58:46] And then I prescripts gave her,
 [00:58:48] That she should lock herself from his resort,
 [00:58:50] Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
 [00:58:53] Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
 [00:58:55] And he, repelled-- a short tale to make--
 [00:58:58] Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
 [00:59:01] Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
 [00:59:03] Thence into a lightness, and, by this declension,
 [00:59:06] Into the madness wherein now he raves,
 [00:59:08] And all we mourn for.
 [00:59:11] Do you think 'tis this?
 [00:59:13] It may be, very likely.
 [00:59:15] Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
 [00:59:18] How may we try it further?
 [00:59:21] Ah, You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
 [00:59:25] Here in the lobby.
 [00:59:27] At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
 [00:59:30] Be you and I behind an arras then;
 [00:59:32] Mark the encounter:
 [00:59:34] if he love her not And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
 [00:59:38] Let me be no assistant for a state,
 [00:59:40] But keep a farm and carters.
 [00:59:42] We will try it.
 [00:59:45] But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
 [01:00:00] Away, I do beseech you, both away:
 [01:00:02] I'll board him presently.
 [01:00:12] How does my good Lord Hamlet?
 [01:00:14] Well.
 [01:00:16] God have mercy.
 [01:00:36] Do you know me, my lord?
 [01:00:38] Excellent well.
 [01:00:39] Ah.
 [01:00:40] You are a fishmonger.
 [01:00:42] Not I, my lord.
 [01:00:43] Then I would you were so honest a man.
 [01:00:45] Honest, my lord!
 [01:00:46] Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,
 [01:00:49] is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.
 [01:00:52] That's very true, my lord.

[01:00:53] For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
 [01:00:56] being a god kissing carrion--
 [01:01:00] Have you a daughter?
 [01:01:01] I have, my lord.
 [01:01:03] Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing:
 [01:01:07] but not as your daughter may conceive.
 [01:01:10] Friend, look to it.
 [01:01:13] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter.
 [01:01:15] Yet he knew me not at first; said I was a fishmonger.
 [01:01:19] He is far gone, far gone: and yet truly in my youth
 [01:01:24] I suffered much extremity for love;
 [01:01:25] very near this.
 [01:01:27] I'll speak to him again.
 [01:01:29] What do you read, my lord?
 [01:01:31] Words, words, words.
 [01:01:36] What is the matter, my lord?
 [01:01:39] Between who?
 [01:01:40] I mean, what is the matter that you read, my lord.
 [01:01:44] Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says
 [01:01:47] here that old men have grey beards,
 [01:01:51] that their faces are wrinkled,
 [01:01:52] their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum.
 [01:01:57] That they have a plentiful lack of wit,
 [01:01:59] together with most weak hams:
 [01:02:01] all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe,
 [01:02:04] yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down,
 [01:02:07] for you yourself, sir, should grow old as I am,
 [01:02:11] if like a crab you could go backward.
 [01:02:17] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.
 [01:02:20] I'll speak to him again.
 [01:02:24] My Lord, will you walk out o' the air?
 [01:02:26] Into my grave?
 [01:02:28] Indeed, that's out o' the air.
 [01:02:31] How pregnant sometimes his replies are!
 [01:02:34] My lord, I will take my leave of you.
 [01:02:36] You cannot, sir, take from me
 [01:02:38] any thing that I will more willingly part withal:
 [01:02:43] except my life, except my life, except my life.
 [01:02:50] Fare you well, my lord.
 [01:02:55] These tedious old fools!
 [01:02:57] You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.
 [01:03:01] God save you, sir!
 [01:03:09] My honoured lord!
 [01:03:11] My most dear lord!
 [01:03:12] My excellent good friends!
 [01:03:17] How dost thou, Guildenstern?
 [01:03:20] Ah, Rosencrantz!
 [01:03:22] Good lads, how do ye both?
 [01:03:25] As the indifferent children of the earth.
 [01:03:27] Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
 [01:03:30] On fortune's cap we are not the very button.
 [01:03:32] Nor the soles of her shoe?
 [01:03:33] Neither, my lord.
 [01:03:34] Then you live about her waist, in the middle of her favours?
 [01:03:37] 'Faith, her privates we.
 [01:03:42] In the secret parts of fortune?
 [01:03:44] O, 'tis too true.
 [01:03:48] She is a strumpet.
 [01:03:52] What news?
 [01:03:54] None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

[01:03:59] Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true.
 [01:04:07] Let me question more in particular:
 [01:04:09] what have you, my good friends,
 [01:04:11] deserved at the hands of fortune,
 [01:04:13] that she sends you to prison hither?
 [01:04:15] Prison, my lord!
 [01:04:16] Denmark's a prison.
 [01:04:17] Then is the world one.
 [01:04:18] A goodly one;
 [01:04:20] in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons,
 [01:04:22] Denmark being one o' the worst.
 [01:04:24] We think not so, my lord.
 [01:04:26] Why, then, 'tis none to you;
 [01:04:27] for there is nothing either good or bad,
 [01:04:31] but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.
 [01:04:37] Why then, your ambition makes it one;
 [01:04:39] 'tis too narrow for your mind.
 [01:04:41] O God, I could be bounded in a nut shell
 [01:04:44] and count myself a king of infinite space,
 [01:04:47] were it not that I have bad dreams.
 [01:04:52] Which dreams indeed are ambition,
 [01:04:55] for the very substance of the ambitious
 [01:04:57] is merely the shadow of a dream.
 [01:05:00] A dream itself is but a shadow.
 [01:05:01] Shall we to the court?
 [01:05:02] For, by my fay, I cannot reason.
 [01:05:04] We'll wait upon you.
 [01:05:05] No such matter:
 [01:05:06] I will not sort you with the rest of my servants,
 [01:05:09] for, to speak to you like an honest man,
 [01:05:11] I am most dreadfully attended.
 [01:05:13] But, in the beaten way of friendship,
 [01:05:15] what make you at Elsinore?
 [01:05:17] To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.
 [01:05:22] Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks;
 [01:05:26] but I thank you: and sure, dear friends,
 [01:05:29] my thanks are too dear a halfpenny.
 [01:05:31] Were you not sent for?
 [01:05:33] Is it your own inclining?
 [01:05:35] Is it a free visitation?
 [01:05:37] Come, come; deal justly with me.
 [01:05:40] Come; nay, speak.
 [01:05:43] What should we say, my lord?
 [01:05:45] Why, any thing, but to the purpose.
 [01:05:48] You were sent for;
 [01:05:49] and there is a kind of confession in your looks
 [01:05:51] which your modesties have not craft enough to colour:
 [01:05:55] I know the good king and queen have sent for you.
 [01:06:00] To what end, my lord?
 [01:06:01] That you must teach me.
 [01:06:04] But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship
 [01:06:07] and by the obligation of our ever-preserved love,
 [01:06:11] be even and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.
 [01:06:14] What say you?
 [01:06:15] Nay, then I have an eye of you.
 [01:06:19] If you love me, hold nothing.
 [01:06:22] My lord, we were sent for.
 [01:06:24] I will tell you why.
 [01:06:26] So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery,
 [01:06:30] and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather.

[01:06:34] I have of late-- but wherefore I know not--
 [01:06:40] lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises;
 [01:06:45] and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition
 [01:06:48] that this goodly frame, the earth,
 [01:06:50] seems to me a sterile promontory,
 [01:06:54] this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,
 [01:06:59] this brave o'erhanging firmament,
 [01:07:01] this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,
 [01:07:06] why, it appears no other thing to me
 [01:07:08] than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.
 [01:07:19] What a piece of work is a man.
 [01:07:21] How noble in reason,
 [01:07:23] How infinite in faculties.
 [01:07:26] In form and moving how express and admirable.
 [01:07:30] In action how like an angel.
 [01:07:33] In apprehension how like a god.
 [01:07:37] The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!
 [01:07:43] And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?
 [01:07:55] Man delights not me.
 [01:07:59] No, nor woman neither,
 [01:08:02] though by your smiling you seem to say so.
 [01:08:04] My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.
 [01:08:06] Why did you laugh then,
 [01:08:08] when I said, "man delights not me"?
 [01:08:10] To think, my lord, if you delight not in man,
 [01:08:12] what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you:
 [01:08:15] we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming,
 [01:08:17] to offer you service.
 [01:08:18] He that plays the king shall be welcome;
 [01:08:23] his majesty shall have tribute of me;
 [01:08:25] What players are they?
 [01:08:27] Even those that you were wont to take such delight in,
 [01:08:29] the tragedians of the city.
 [01:08:31] How chances it they travel?
 [01:08:32] Their residence, both in reputation and profit,
 [01:08:35] was better both ways.
 [01:08:36] I think their inhibition
 [01:08:37] comes by means of the late innovation.
 [01:08:39] Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city?
 [01:08:42] Are they so followed?
 [01:08:43] No, indeed, are they not.
 [01:08:44] How comes it? Do they grow rusty?
 [01:08:45] No, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace:
 [01:08:48] but there is, sir, an aery of children,
 [01:08:50] little eyases, that cry out on the top of question,
 [01:08:53] and are most tyrannically clapped for't.
 [01:08:56] These are now the fashion,
 [01:08:57] and so berattle the common stages--
 [01:08:59] so they call them--
 [01:09:00] that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills
 [01:09:03] and dare scarce come thither.
 [01:09:04] What, are they children?
 [01:09:05] Who maintains 'em?
 [01:09:07] Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?
 [01:09:09] Will they not say,
 [01:09:10] when they shall grow themselves to common players--
 [01:09:14] their writers do them wrong,
 [01:09:15] to make them exclaim against their own succession?
 [01:09:18] 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides;
 [01:09:20] and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy:

[01:09:24] It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark,
 [01:09:30] and those that would make mows at him while my father lived
 [01:09:33] now give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece
 [01:09:35] for his picture in little.
 [01:09:38] 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural,
 [01:09:41] if philosophy could find it out.
 [01:09:45] There are the players.
 [01:09:46] Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore.
 [01:09:48] Your hands, come then:
 [01:09:50] the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony:
 [01:09:52] let me comply with you in this garb.
 [01:09:53] You are welcome.
 [01:09:55] But my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.
 [01:10:00] In what, my dear lord?
 [01:10:03] I am but mad north-north-west:
 [01:10:06] when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.
 [01:10:13] Well be with you, gentlemen!
 [01:10:15] Hark you, Guildenstern;
 [01:10:17] and you too: at each ear a hearer.
 [01:10:19] That great baby you see there
 [01:10:21] is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.
 [01:10:23] I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.
 [01:10:27] You say right, sir.
 [01:10:28] O' Monday morning; 'twas then indeed.
 [01:10:32] My lord, I have news to tell you.
 [01:10:34] My lord, I have news to tell you.
 [01:10:37] When Roscius was an actor in Rome--
 [01:10:40] The actors are come hither, my lord.
 [01:10:42] Buzz, buzz!
 [01:10:43] Upon mine honour,
 [01:10:44] Then came each actor on his ass.
 [01:10:46] The best actors in the world,
 [01:10:48] either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral,
 [01:10:51] pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral,
 [01:10:53] tragical-historical,
 [01:10:54] tragical-comical- historical-pastoral,
 [01:10:57] scene individable or poem unlimited.
 [01:10:59] Seneca cannot be too heavy or Plautus too light.
 [01:11:01] For the law of writ and the liberty,
 [01:11:03] these are the only men.
 [01:11:04] O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!
 [01:11:09] What a treasure had he, my lord?
 [01:11:11] Why, "One fair daughter and no more,
 [01:11:15] The which he loved passing well."
 [01:11:18] Still on my daughter.
 [01:11:20] Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?
 [01:11:22] If you call me Jephthah, my lord,
 [01:11:24] I have a daughter that I love passing well.
 [01:11:26] Nay, that follows not.
 [01:11:28] What follows, then, my lord?
 [01:11:30] Why, "As by lot"--
 [01:11:35] God wot.
 [01:11:39] But look!
 [01:11:40] Where my abridgement comes.
 [01:11:51] Welcome, all.
 [01:11:53] I am glad to see thee well.
 [01:11:57] Welcome, good friends.
 [01:12:00] O, my old friend!
 [01:12:03] Why, thy face is valenced since I saw thee last.
 [01:12:08] Comest thou to beard me in Denmark?

[01:12:11] What, my young lady and mistress!
 [01:12:14] By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven
 [01:12:17] than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.
 [01:12:20] Pray God, your voice, like apiece of uncurrent gold,
 [01:12:24] be not cracked within the ring.
 [01:12:30] Masters, you are all welcome.
 [01:12:33] We'll e'en to't like French falconers,
 [01:12:34] fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight.
 [01:12:37] Come, give us a taste of your quality;
 [01:12:39] come, a passionate speech.
 [01:12:42] What speech, my good lord?
 [01:12:44] I heard thee speak me a speech once,
 [01:12:48] but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once;
 [01:12:52] for the play, I remember, pleased not the million;
 [01:12:54] 'twas caviare to the general.
 [01:12:57] One speech in it I chiefly loved:
 [01:13:00] 'twas Aeneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it
 [01:13:03] especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter:
 [01:13:07] if it live within your memory, I pray you begin at this line.
 [01:13:12] Let me see, let me see--
 [01:13:14] "The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast"--
 [01:13:18] No, 'tis not so.
 [01:13:19] It begins with Pyrrhus:
 [01:13:22] "The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
 [01:13:30] "Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
 [01:13:33] "When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
 [01:13:35] "Hath now this dread and black complexion
 [01:13:38] "smear'd With heraldry more dismal;
 [01:13:41] "head to foot Now is he total gules;
 [01:13:45] "roasted in wrath and fire,
 [01:13:48] "And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
 [01:13:51] "With eyes like carbuncles,
 [01:13:54] the hellish Pyrrhus Old grandsire Priam seeks."
 [01:14:02] So proceed you.
 [01:14:04] 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken,
 [01:14:06] with good accent, good discretion.
 [01:14:13] Anon he finds him Striking too short at Greeks;
 [01:14:18] his antique sword, Rebellious to his arm,
 [01:14:21] lies where it falls, Repugnant to command:
 [01:14:25] unequal match'd, Pyrrhus at Priam drives;
 [01:14:30] in rage strikes wide;
 [01:14:32] But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
 [01:14:34] The unnerved father falls.
 [01:14:37] Then senseless Ilium, Seeming to feel this blow,
 [01:14:42] with flaming top Stoops to his base,
 [01:14:46] and with a hideous crash Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear.
 [01:14:50] This is too long.
 [01:14:51] It shall to the barber's with your beard.
 [01:14:56] Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry,
 [01:15:00] or he sleeps: say on: come to Hecuba.
 [01:15:09] But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen--
 [01:15:14] The mobled queen?
 [01:15:16] That's good; "mobled queen" is good.
 [01:15:17] Shh.
 [01:15:18] Run barefoot up and down,
 [01:15:22] threatening the flames With bisson rheum;
 [01:15:25] a clout upon that head Where late the diadem stood,
 [01:15:30] and for a robe, About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
 [01:15:34] A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up; Who this had seen,
 [01:15:38] with tongue in venom steep'd,

[01:15:41] 'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced.
 [01:15:44] But if the gods themselves did see her then
 [01:15:47] When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
 [01:15:50] In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
 [01:15:54] The instant burst of clamour that she made,
 [01:15:58] Unless things mortal move them not at all,
 [01:16:01] Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
 [01:16:07] And passion in the gods.
 [01:16:11] Look, whether he has not turned his colour
 [01:16:13] and has tears in his eyes.
 [01:16:14] Prithee no more.
 [01:16:20] 'Tis well.
 [01:16:25] I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.
 [01:16:31] Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?
 [01:16:36] Do you hear, let them be well used;
 [01:16:38] for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time:
 [01:16:42] after your death you were better have a bad epitaph
 [01:16:47] than their ill report while you live.
 [01:16:50] My lord, I shall use them according to their deserts.
 [01:16:53] God's bodykins, man, much better.
 [01:16:56] Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?
 [01:17:04] Use them after your own honour and dignity:
 [01:17:07] the less they deserve,
 [01:17:10] the more merit is in your bounty.
 [01:17:15] Take them in.
 [01:17:18] Come, sirs.
 [01:17:21] Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.
 [01:17:25] Dost thou hear me, old friend;
 [01:17:27] can you play "The Murder of Gonzago?"
 [01:17:29] Ay, my lord.
 [01:17:30] We'll ha't to-morrow night.
 [01:17:31] You could, for a need,
 [01:17:33] study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines,
 [01:17:36] which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?
 [01:17:39] Ay, my lord.
 [01:17:41] Very well.
 [01:17:42] Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.
 [01:17:51] My good friends...
 [01:17:55] I'll leave you till night.
 [01:17:57] You are welcome to Elsinore.
 [01:17:59] Good my lord!
 [01:18:00] Ay, so.
 [01:18:09] God buy you.
 [01:18:22] Now I am alone.
 [01:18:37] O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
 [01:18:42] Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 [01:18:47] But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 [01:18:52] Could force his soul so to his own conceit
 [01:18:56] That from her working all his visage wann'd,
 [01:19:01] Tears in his eyes, distractions in his aspect,
 [01:19:05] A broken voice, and his whole function
 [01:19:10] suiting With forms to his conceit?
 [01:19:13] And all for nothing!
 [01:19:19] For Hecuba!
 [01:19:22] What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 [01:19:25] That he should weep for her?
 [01:19:29] What would he do
 [01:19:30] Had he the motive and the cue for passion That I have?
 [01:19:35] He would drown the stage with tears
 [01:19:40] And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,

[01:19:44] Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
 [01:19:47] Confound the ignorant,
 [01:19:48] and amaze indeed The very faculties
 [01:19:50] of eyes and ears.
 [01:19:53] Yet I, A dull and muddy-mettled rascal,
 [01:19:57] peak, Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
 [01:20:01] And can say nothing; no, not for a king
 [01:20:12] Upon whose property and most dear life
 [01:20:14] A damn'd defeat was made.
 [01:20:18] Am I a coward?
 [01:20:21] Who calls me villain?
 [01:20:24] Breaks my pate across?
 [01:20:26] Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
 [01:20:29] Tweaks me by the nose?
 [01:20:30] Gives me the lie i' the throat As deep as to the lungs?
 [01:20:33] Who does me this?
 [01:20:34] Ha!
 [01:20:36] Ah, 'swounds, I should take it:
 [01:20:39] for it cannot be But I am pigeon-liver'd
 [01:20:41] and lack gall To make oppression bitter,
 [01:20:43] or ere this I should have fatted all the region kites
 [01:20:46] With this slave's offal.
 [01:20:53] Bloody, bawdy villain!
 [01:20:57] Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
 [01:21:03] O, vengeance!
 [01:21:15] Why, what an ass am I!
 [01:21:18] This is most brave, That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
 [01:21:25] Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
 [01:21:27] Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 [01:21:30] And fall a-cursing, like a very drab, A scullion!
 [01:21:32] Fie upon't!
 [01:21:34] Foh!
 [01:21:37] About my brain!
 [01:21:47] I have heard That guilty creatures
 [01:21:52] sitting at a play Have by the very cunning
 [01:21:55] of the scene Been struck so to the soul
 [01:21:58] that presently They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
 [01:22:03] For murder, though it have no tongue,
 [01:22:05] will speak With most miraculous organ.
 [01:22:09] I'll have these players Play something like the murder
 [01:22:12] of my father Before mine uncle.
 [01:22:14] I'll observe his looks; I'll tent him to the quick.
 [01:22:18] If he but blench, I know my course.
 [01:22:22] The spirit that I have seen May be a devil:
 [01:22:26] and the devil hath power To assume a pleasing shape;
 [01:22:31] yea, and perhaps Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
 [01:22:39] As he is very potent with such spirits,
 [01:22:42] Abuses me to damn me:
 [01:22:51] I'll have grounds More relative than this.
 [01:22:57] The play's the thing
 [01:23:00] Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Hamlet Act 3

[01:23:53] And can you, by no drift of conference
 [01:23:56] Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
 [01:23:59] Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
 [01:24:02] With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
 [01:24:05] He does confess he feels himself distracted;
 [01:24:08] But from what cause will by no means speak.
 [01:24:10] Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
 [01:24:13] But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
 [01:24:16] When we would bring him on to some confession
 [01:24:18] Of his true state.
 [01:24:20] Did he receive you well?
 [01:24:21] Most like a gentleman.
 [01:24:22] But with much forcing of his disposition.
 [01:24:24] Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
 [01:24:26] Most free in his reply.
 [01:24:28] Did you assay him to any pastime?
 [01:24:29] Madam, it so fell out
 [01:24:30] that certain players We o'er-raught on the way:
 [01:24:32] of these we told him; And there did seem in him
 [01:24:34] a kind of joy To hear of it.
 [01:24:36] They are here about the court, And, as I think,
 [01:24:38] they have already order This night to play before him.
 [01:24:40] This is most true.
 [01:24:42] And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
 [01:24:44] To hear and see the matter.
 [01:24:45] With all my heart;
 [01:24:47] and it doth much content me To hear him so inclined.
 [01:24:50] Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
 [01:24:52] And drive his purpose into these delights.
 [01:24:55] We shall, my lord.
 [01:24:56] Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
 [01:24:58] For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither
 [01:25:01] That he, as 'twere by accident, may here affront Ophelia.
 [01:25:06] Her father and myself, lawful espials,
 [01:25:08] Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,
 [01:25:11] We may of their encounter frankly judge,
 [01:25:13] And gather by him, as he is behaved,
 [01:25:16] If be the affliction of his love or no
 [01:25:18] That thus he suffers for.
 [01:25:20] I shall obey you.
 [01:25:26] And for your part, Ophelia,
 [01:25:28] I do wish That your good beauties
 [01:25:29] be the happy cause Of Hamlet's wildness.
 [01:25:32] So shall I hope your virtues
 [01:25:34] Will bring him to his wonted ways again,
 [01:25:36] To both your honours.
 [01:25:39] Madam, I wish it may.
 [01:25:44] Ophelia, walk you here.
 [01:25:46] Gracious, so please you, We will bestow ourselves.
 [01:25:49] Read on this book
 [01:25:50] That show of such an exercise may colour your loneliness.
 [01:25:54] We are oft to blame in this-- 'Tis too much proved--
 [01:25:56] that with devotion's visage And pious action
 [01:25:58] we do sugar o'er The devil himself.
 [01:26:00] O, 'tis too true!
 [01:26:04] How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
 [01:26:08] The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
 [01:26:11] Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it

[01:26:13] Than is my deed to my most painted word.
 [01:26:18] O heavy burden!
 [01:26:20] I hear him coming. Let's withdraw, my lord.
 [01:27:01] To be, or not to be...
 [01:27:07] That is the question:
 [01:27:11] Whether 'tis nobler in the mind
 [01:27:13] to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 [01:27:17] Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 [01:27:22] And by opposing end them?
 [01:27:26] To die...
 [01:27:32] To sleep.
 [01:27:35] No more; and by a sleep to say we end The heart-ache
 [01:27:40] and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to,
 [01:27:45] 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd.
 [01:27:49] To die, to sleep...
 [01:27:58] To sleep: perchance to dream.
 [01:28:05] Ay, there's the rub;
 [01:28:10] For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 [01:28:15] When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 [01:28:17] Must give us pause.
 [01:28:21] There's the respect That makes calamity of so long life;
 [01:28:27] For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 [01:28:32] The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 [01:28:37] The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 [01:28:42] The insolence of office
 [01:28:43] and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 [01:28:46] When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin?
 [01:28:52] Who would these fardels bear,
 [01:28:56] To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 [01:29:01] But that the dread of something after death,
 [01:29:09] The undiscover'd country
 [01:29:13] from whose bourn No traveler returns,
 [01:29:18] puzzles the will
 [01:29:21] And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 [01:29:25] Than fly to others that we know not of?
 [01:29:31] Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all;
 [01:29:35] And thus the native hue of resolution
 [01:29:38] Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 [01:29:43] And enterprises of great pitch and moment
 [01:29:47] With this regard their currents turn awry,
 [01:29:53] And lose the name of action.
 [01:30:00] Soft you now!
 [01:30:02] The fair Ophelia!
 [01:30:12] Nymph, in thy orisons Be all my sins remember'd.
 [01:30:20] Good my lord,
 [01:30:22] How does your honour for this many a day?
 [01:30:28] I humbly thank you; well, well, well.
 [01:30:34] My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 [01:30:36] That I have longed long to re-deliver;
 [01:30:39] I pray you, now receive them.
 [01:30:40] No, not I; I never gave you aught.
 [01:30:45] My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
 [01:30:49] And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
 [01:30:53] As made the things more rich.
 [01:30:56] Their perfume lost, Take these again;
 [01:31:00] for to the noble mind Rich gifts wax poor
 [01:31:05] when givers prove unkind.
 [01:31:08] There, my lord.
 [01:31:09] Oh.
 [01:31:12] Oh.

[01:31:13] Are you honest?
[01:31:14] My lord?
[01:31:15] Are you fair?
[01:31:16] What means your lordship?
[01:31:18] That if you be honest and fair,
[01:31:19] your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.
[01:31:22] Could beauty, my lord,
[01:31:23] have better commerce than with honesty?
[01:31:25] Ay, truly; for the power of beauty
[01:31:27] will sooner transform honesty from what it is into a bawd
[01:31:31] than the force of honesty can translate beauty
[01:31:33] into his likeness.
[01:31:35] This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.
[01:31:41] I did love you once.
[01:31:47] Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
[01:31:54] You should not have believed me;
[01:31:57] for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock
[01:32:01] but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.
[01:32:07] I was the more deceived.
[01:32:12] Get thee to a nunnery.
[01:32:16] Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?
[01:32:21] I am myself indifferent honest;
[01:32:23] but yet I could accuse me of such things
[01:32:25] that it were better my mother had not borne me:
[01:32:27] I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious,
[01:32:32] with more offences at my beck
[01:32:34] than I have thoughts to put them in,
[01:32:35] imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in.
[01:32:38] What should such fellows as I do
[01:32:39] crawling between earth and heaven?
[01:32:41] We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us.
[01:32:50] Go thy ways to a nunnery.
[01:32:57] Where's your father?
[01:33:02] At home, my lord.
[01:33:10] Let the doors be shut upon him
[01:33:14] that he may play the fool no where but in his own house.
[01:33:19] Farewell.
[01:33:21] Help him, you sweet heavens!
[01:33:22] If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry:
[01:33:25] be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
[01:33:28] thou shalt not escape calumny.
[01:33:30] Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell.
[01:33:32] Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool;
[01:33:36] for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them.
[01:33:41] To a nunnery, go, and quickly too.
[01:33:43] Farewell.
[01:33:44] Heavenly powers, restore him!
[01:33:46] I have heard of your paintings too, well enough;
[01:33:48] God has given you one face; you make yourselves another.
[01:33:52] You jig, you amble, you lisp,
[01:33:54] you nick-name God's creatures,
[01:33:55] you make your wantonness your ignorance.
[01:33:57] Go to, I'll no more on't.
[01:34:09] It hath made me mad.
[01:34:15] I say, we will have no more marriages:
[01:34:22] those that are married already, all but one, shall live;
[01:34:26] the rest shall keep as they are.
[01:34:32] To a nunnery, go.
[01:34:37] O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
[01:34:43] The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;

[01:34:49] The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 [01:34:53] The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
 [01:34:57] The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
 [01:35:07] And I, of ladies most deject and wretched
 [01:35:13] That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
 [01:35:17] Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 [01:35:22] Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh;
 [01:35:28] That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
 [01:35:32] Blasted with ecstasy:
 [01:35:36] O, woe is me, To have seen what I have seen.
 [01:35:45] See what I see!
 [01:35:53] Love!
 [01:35:55] His affections do not that way tend;
 [01:35:59] Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
 [01:36:01] Was not like madness.
 [01:36:04] There's something in his soul
 [01:36:07] O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
 [01:36:09] And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
 [01:36:11] Will be some danger: which to prevent,
 [01:36:14] I have in quick determination set it down.
 [01:36:16] He shall with speed to England
 [01:36:17] For the demand of our neglected tribute.
 [01:36:19] Haply the seas and countries different With variable objects
 [01:36:23] shall expel This something-settled matter
 [01:36:27] in his heart, Whereon his brains still beating
 [01:36:29] puts him From fashion of himself.
 [01:36:31] What think you on't?
 [01:36:32] It shall do well:
 [01:36:34] but yet do I believe The origin and commencement of his grief
 [01:36:37] Sprung from neglected love.
 [01:36:39] How now, Ophelia!
 [01:36:41] You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
 [01:36:43] We heard it all.
 [01:36:44] My lord, do as you please; But, if you hold it fit,
 [01:36:48] after the play Let his queen mother
 [01:36:51] all alone entreat him To show his grief.
 [01:36:53] Let her be round with him;
 [01:36:55] I'll be placed, so please you,
 [01:36:56] in the ear Of all their conference.
 [01:36:58] If she find him not, To England send him,
 [01:37:01] or confine him where Your wisdom best shall think.
 [01:37:06] It shall be so.
 [01:37:11] Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
 [01:37:45] Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,
 [01:37:47] trippingly on the tongue.
 [01:37:50] but if you mouth it, as many of your players do,
 [01:37:52] I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.
 [01:37:55] Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands, thus,
 [01:37:58] but use all gently;
 [01:38:01] for in the very torrent, tempest, and,
 [01:38:04] as I may say, whirlwind of your passion,
 [01:38:07] you must acquire and beget a temperance
 [01:38:09] that may give it smoothness.
 [01:38:11] I warrant your honour.
 [01:38:12] Be not too tame neither,
 [01:38:15] but let your own discretion be your tutor.
 [01:38:17] Suit the action to the word, the word to the action;
 [01:38:21] with this special observance do o'erstep not
 [01:38:24] the modesty of nature:
 [01:38:27] for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing,

[01:38:30] whose end, both at the first and now
 [01:38:33] was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;
 [01:38:37] to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image,
 [01:38:41] and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.
 [01:38:47] Now this overdone, or come tardy off,
 [01:38:51] though it make the unskillful laugh,
 [01:38:53] cannot but make the judicious grieve;
 [01:38:56] the censure of the which one must in your allowance
 [01:38:58] outweigh a whole theatre of others.
 [01:39:04] Go, make you ready.
 [01:39:08] How now, my lord!
 [01:39:09] Will the king hear this piece of work?
 [01:39:11] And the queen too, and that presently.
 [01:39:13] Bid the players make haste.
 [01:39:17] Will you two help to hasten them?
 [01:39:19] We will, my lord.
 [01:39:21] What ho, Horatio!
 [01:39:23] Here, sweet lord, at your service.
 [01:39:25] Horatio...
 [01:39:30] Thou art e'en as just a man
 [01:39:31] As e'er my conversation coped withal.
 [01:39:34] O, my dear lord.
 [01:39:35] Nay, do not think I flatter;
 [01:39:37] For what advancement may I hope from thee
 [01:39:39] That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
 [01:39:41] To feed and clothe thee?
 [01:39:43] Why should the poor be flatter'd?
 [01:39:46] Dost thou hear?
 [01:39:48] Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
 [01:39:51] And could of men distinguish,
 [01:39:53] her election Hath seal'd thee for herself;
 [01:39:56] for thou hast been As one, in suffering all,
 [01:39:59] that suffers nothing,
 [01:40:01] A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
 [01:40:03] Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
 [01:40:09] Whose blood and judgment are so well comeddled
 [01:40:12] That they are not a pipe for fortune's fingers
 [01:40:14] To sound what stop she please.
 [01:40:18] Give me that man That is not passion's slave,
 [01:40:23] and I will wear him In my heart's core,
 [01:40:26] ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee.
 [01:40:34] Something too much of this.
 [01:40:36] There is a play to-night before the king;
 [01:40:40] One scene of it comes near the circumstance
 [01:40:42] Which I have told thee of my father's death:
 [01:40:45] I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
 [01:40:47] Even with the very comment of thy soul
 [01:40:49] Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
 [01:40:52] Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 [01:40:55] It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
 [01:40:57] And my imaginations are as foul As Vulcan's stithy.
 [01:41:01] Well, my lord:
 [01:41:03] If he steal aught whilst this play is playing
 [01:41:05] And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.
 [01:41:10] They are coming to the play;
 [01:41:12] I must be idle. Get you a place.
 [01:41:26] Ah.
 [01:41:30] How fares our cousin Hamlet?
 [01:41:33] Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish:
 [01:41:37] I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

[01:41:43] I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet;
 [01:41:46] these words are not mine.
 [01:41:48] No, nor mine now.
 [01:41:54] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?
 [01:41:58] That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.
 [01:42:01] What did you enact?
 [01:42:04] I did enact Julius Caesar: I was killed in the Capitol.
 [01:42:09] Brutus killed me.
 [01:42:11] It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.
 [01:42:19] Be the players ready?
 [01:42:20] Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.
 [01:42:22] Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.
 [01:42:25] No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.
 [01:42:30] O, ho! Do you mark that?
 [01:42:32] Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
 [01:42:34] No, my lord.
 [01:42:35] I mean, my head upon your lap?
 [01:42:39] Ay, my lord.
 [01:42:40] Do you think I meant country matters?
 [01:42:43] I think nothing, my lord.
 [01:42:45] That's a fair thought to lie between maid's legs.
 [01:42:48] What is't, my lord?
 [01:42:49] Nothing.
 [01:42:50] You are merry, my lord.
 [01:42:51] Who, I?
 [01:42:52] Ay, my lord.
 [01:42:53] O God, your only jig-maker.
 [01:42:55] What should a man do but be merry?
 [01:42:57] For, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks,
 [01:42:59] and my father died within these two hours.
 [01:43:04] Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.
 [01:43:06] So long?
 [01:43:07] Nay then, let the devil wear black,
 [01:43:09] for I'll have a suit of sables.
 [01:43:11] O heavens!
 [01:43:14] Died two months and not forgotten yet?
 [01:43:17] Then there's hope a great man's memory
 [01:43:19] may outlive his life half a year.
 [01:46:15] What means this, my lord?
 [01:46:17] Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.
 [01:46:21] Belike this show imports the argument of the play.
 [01:46:25] We shall know by this fellow:
 [01:46:26] the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.
 [01:46:29] For us, and for our tragedy, Here stooping to your clemency,
 [01:46:35] We beg your hearing patiently.
 [01:46:37] Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?
 [01:46:40] 'Tis brief, my lord.
 [01:46:42] As woman's love.
 [01:46:45] Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart
 [01:46:47] gone round Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
 [01:46:51] And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
 [01:46:54] About the world have times twelve thirties been,
 [01:46:58] Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands Unite commutual
 [01:47:02] in most sacred bands.
 [01:47:04] So many journeys may the sun and moon
 [01:47:07] Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
 [01:47:11] But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
 [01:47:16] So far from cheer and from your former state,
 [01:47:19] That I distrust you.
 [01:47:21] Yet, though I distrust,

[01:47:22] Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
 [01:47:25] 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
 [01:47:27] My operant powers their functions leave to do:
 [01:47:30] And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
 [01:47:34] Honour'd, beloved; and haply one as kind
 [01:47:37] For husband shalt thou--
 [01:47:39] O, confound the rest!
 [01:47:41] Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
 [01:47:45] In second husband let me be accurst!
 [01:47:47] None wed the second but who kill'd the first.
 [01:47:50] Wormwood, wormwood.
 [01:47:52] The instances that second marriage move
 [01:47:54] Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
 [01:47:58] A second time I kill my husband dead,
 [01:48:01] When second husband kisses me in bed.
 [01:48:03] I do believe you think what now you speak;
 [01:48:05] But what we do determine oft we break.
 [01:48:09] Purpose is but the slave to memory,
 [01:48:11] Of violent birth but poor validity;
 [01:48:15] So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
 [01:48:18] But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.
 [01:48:22] Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
 [01:48:26] Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
 [01:48:29] To desperation turn my trust and hope!
 [01:48:32] An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
 [01:48:35] Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
 [01:48:37] Meet what I would have well and it destroy!
 [01:48:40] Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
 [01:48:43] If, once a widow, ever I be wife!
 [01:48:46] If she should break it now!
 [01:48:48] 'Tis deeply sworn.
 [01:48:56] Sweet, leave me here awhile; My spirits grow dull,
 [01:49:01] and fain I would beguile The tedious day with sleep.
 [01:49:05] Sleep rock thy brain,
 [01:49:08] And never come mischance between us twain!
 [01:49:23] Madam, how like you this play?
 [01:49:26] The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
 [01:49:29] O, but she'll keep her word.
 [01:49:32] Have you heard the argument?
 [01:49:34] Is there no offence in 't?
 [01:49:35] No, no, they do but jest,
 [01:49:37] poison in jest; no offence i' the world.
 [01:49:40] What do you call the play?
 [01:49:41] "The Mouse-trap."
 [01:49:44] Marry, how?
 [01:49:45] Tropically.
 [01:49:46] This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna:
 [01:49:49] Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista:
 [01:49:51] you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work.
 [01:49:54] But what o' that?
 [01:49:56] Your majesty and we that have free souls,
 [01:49:59] it touches us not.
 [01:50:00] Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.
 [01:50:05] This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.
 [01:50:09] Begin, murderer.
 [01:50:13] Pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin.
 [01:50:16] Come: "the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge."
 [01:50:21] Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
 [01:50:27] Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
 [01:50:30] Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

[01:50:34] With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
 [01:50:38] Thy natural magic and dire property
 [01:50:41] On wholesome life usurps immediately.
 [01:50:45] Ah!
 [01:50:47] He poisons him i' the garden for his estate.
 [01:50:50] His name's Gonzago.
 [01:50:52] The story is extant and writ in choice Italian.
 [01:50:54] You shall see anon
 [01:50:55] how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.
 [01:50:59] The king rises.
 [01:51:00] What, frighted with false fire!
 [01:51:02] How fares my lord?
 [01:51:04] Give o'er the play.
 [01:51:07] Give me some light.
 [01:51:28] Away!
 [01:51:30] Lights, lights, lights!
 [01:51:38] Why,
 [01:51:40] Let the stricken deer go weep,
 [01:51:43] The hart ungalled play;
 [01:51:46] For some must watch while some must sleep:
 [01:51:50] Thus runs the world away.
 [01:51:54] O good Horatio,
 [01:51:55] I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound.
 [01:51:58] Didst perceive?
 [01:51:59] Very well, my lord.
 [01:52:00] Upon the talk of the poisoning?
 [01:52:02] I did very well note him.
 [01:52:05] Ah, ha!
 [01:52:07] Come, some music!
 [01:52:08] Come, the recorders!
 [01:52:10] For if the king like not the comedy,
 [01:52:12] Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
 [01:52:15] Come, some music!
 [01:52:16] Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
 [01:52:18] Sir, the whole history.
 [01:52:19] The king, sir.
 [01:52:20] Ay, sir, what of him?
 [01:52:22] Is in his retirement marvelous distempered.
 [01:52:24] With drink, sir?
 [01:52:25] No, my lord, rather with choler.
 [01:52:27] Your wisdom should show itself
 [01:52:28] more richer to signify this to his doctor;
 [01:52:30] for, for me to put him to his purgation
 [01:52:32] would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.
 [01:52:34] Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame
 [01:52:37] and start not so wildly from my affair.
 [01:52:42] I am tame, sir. Pronounce.
 [01:52:45] The queen, your mother,
 [01:52:47] in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.
 [01:52:53] You are welcome.
 [01:52:54] Nay, good my lord,
 [01:52:56] this courtesy is not of the right breed.
 [01:52:58] If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer,
 [01:53:00] I will do your mother's commandment:
 [01:53:02] if not, your pardon and my return
 [01:53:03] shall be the end of my business.
 [01:53:04] Sir, I cannot.
 [01:53:08] What, my lord?
 [01:53:10] Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased:
 [01:53:14] but, sir, such answer as I can make,

[01:53:16] you shall command;
 [01:53:17] or, rather, as you say, my mother.
 [01:53:19] Therefore no more, but to the matter:
 [01:53:20] my mother, you say--
 [01:53:22] Then thus she says;
 [01:53:24] your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.
 [01:53:27] O wonderful son that can so astonish a mother!
 [01:53:31] Is there no sequel
 [01:53:32] at the heels of this mother's admiration?
 [01:53:34] Impart.
 [01:53:36] She desires to speak with you in her closet,
 [01:53:38] ere you go to bed.
 [01:53:40] We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.
 [01:53:44] Have you any further trade with us?
 [01:53:46] My lord, you once did love me.
 [01:53:49] And do still, by these pickers and stealers.
 [01:53:53] Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper?
 [01:53:59] You do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty
 [01:54:01] if you deny your griefs to your friend.
 [01:54:03] Sir, I lack advancement.
 [01:54:08] How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself
 [01:54:11] for your succession in Denmark?
 [01:54:13] Ay, truly but "While the grass grows"--
 [01:54:17] The proverb is something musty.
 [01:54:19] Ah, the recorders!
 [01:54:21] Let me see one.
 [01:54:24] To withdraw with you.
 [01:54:27] Why do you go about to recover the wind of me
 [01:54:29] as if you would drive me into a toil?
 [01:54:31] O, my lord, if my duty be too bold,
 [01:54:35] my love is too unmannerly.
 [01:54:37] I do not well understand that.
 [01:54:38] Will you play upon this pipe?
 [01:54:41] My lord, I cannot.
 [01:54:42] I pray you.
 [01:54:44] Believe me, I cannot.
 [01:54:45] I do beseech you.
 [01:54:46] I know no touch of it, my lord.
 [01:54:47] It is as easy as lying.
 [01:54:48] Govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb,
 [01:54:51] give it breath with your mouth,
 [01:54:52] and it will discourse most eloquent music.
 [01:54:54] Look you, these are the stops.
 [01:54:56] But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony;
 [01:54:59] I have not the skill.
 [01:55:00] Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me!
 [01:55:03] You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops.
 [01:55:06] You would pluck out the heart of my mystery.
 [01:55:08] You would sound me from my lowest note
 [01:55:11] to the top of my compass.
 [01:55:12] And there is much music, excellent voice,
 [01:55:13] in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak.
 [01:55:19] 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on
 [01:55:22] than a pipe?
 [01:55:24] Call me what instrument you will,
 [01:55:26] though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.
 [01:55:29] God bless you, sir!
 [01:55:31] My lord, the queen would speak with you and presently.
 [01:55:34] Do you see yonder cloud
 [01:55:35] that's almost in shape of a camel?

[01:55:38] By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.
 [01:55:41] Methinks it's like a weasel.
 [01:55:44] It is backed like a weasel.
 [01:55:45] Or a whale?
 [01:55:47] Very like a whale.
 [01:55:48] Then I will come to my mother by and by.
 [01:55:50] They fool me to the top of my bent.
 [01:55:51] I will come by and by.
 [01:55:54] I will say so.
 [01:55:55] By and by is easily said.
 [01:56:04] Leave me, friends.
 [01:56:24] 'Tis now the very witching time of night When churchyards yawn
 [01:56:32] and hell itself breathes out Contagion to this world.
 [01:56:39] Now could I drink hot blood And do such bitter business
 [01:56:52] as the day Would quake to look upon.
 [01:56:58] Soft!
 [01:57:00] Now to my mother.
 [01:57:02] O heart, lose not thy nature;
 [01:57:06] let not ever The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.
 [01:57:09] Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
 [01:57:11] I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
 [01:57:16] My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
 [01:57:19] How in my words soever she be shent,
 [01:57:23] To give them seals never, my soul, consent!
 [01:57:37] I like him not.
 [01:57:42] Nor stands it safe with us To let his madness range.
 [01:57:49] Therefore prepare you;
 [01:57:50] I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
 [01:57:52] And he to England shall along with you:
 [01:57:56] The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so near
 [01:58:00] as doth hourly grow Out of his brows.
 [01:58:05] We will ourselves provide.
 [01:58:08] Most holy and religious fear it is
 [01:58:12] To keep those many, many bodies safe
 [01:58:14] That live and feed upon your majesty.
 [01:58:16] The cease of majesty Dies not alone;
 [01:58:20] but, like a gulf, doth draw What's near it with it.
 [01:58:22] It is a massy wheel,
 [01:58:24] Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
 [01:58:26] To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 [01:58:29] Are mortised and adjoin'd;
 [01:58:31] which, when it falls, Each small annexment,
 [01:58:34] petty consequence, Attends the boisterous ruin.
 [01:58:37] Never alone Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.
 [01:58:45] Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
 [01:58:48] For we will fetters put about this fear,
 [01:58:51] Which now goes too free-footed.
 [01:58:54] We will haste us.
 [01:59:01] My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
 [01:59:06] Behind the arras I'll convey myself
 [01:59:08] To hear the process.
 [01:59:09] Fare you well, my liege:
 [01:59:12] I'll call upon you ere you go to bed
 [01:59:13] And tell you what I know.
 [01:59:18] Thanks, good my lord.
 [01:59:27] My offence is rank; it smells to heaven;
 [01:59:34] It hath the primal eldest curse upon't, A brother's murder.
 [01:59:42] Pray can I not, Though inclination be as sharp as will:
 [01:59:46] My strongest guilt defeats my strong intent;
 [01:59:48] And, like a man to double business bound,

[01:59:50] I stand in pause where I shall first begin
 [01:59:51] And both neglect.
 [01:59:54] What if this cursed hand
 [01:59:56] Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
 [01:59:57] Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 [01:59:59] To wash it white as snow?
 [02:00:02] Whereto serves mercy
 [02:00:03] But to confront the visage of offence?
 [02:00:05] And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
 [02:00:06] To be forestalled ere we come to fall
 [02:00:08] Or pardon'd being down?
 [02:00:13] Then I'll look up; My fault is past.
 [02:00:15] But, O, what form of prayer Can serve my turn?
 [02:00:20] "Forgive me my foul murder"?
 [02:00:22] That cannot be;
 [02:00:24] since I am still possess'd Of those effects
 [02:00:25] for which I did the murder,
 [02:00:26] My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
 [02:00:33] May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
 [02:00:37] In the corrupted currents of this world
 [02:00:39] Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice
 [02:00:41] And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
 [02:00:44] Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
 [02:00:49] There is no shuffling,
 [02:00:51] there the action lies In his true nature;
 [02:00:53] and we ourselves compell'd,
 [02:00:55] Even in the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 [02:00:56] To give in evidence.
 [02:00:59] What then?
 [02:01:02] What rests?
 [02:01:04] Try what repentance can: what can it not?
 [02:01:08] What can it when one cannot repent?
 [02:01:14] O wretched state!
 [02:01:18] O bosom black as death!
 [02:01:21] O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
 [02:01:25] Art more engaged!
 [02:01:31] Help, angels!
 [02:01:36] Make assay!
 [02:01:40] Bow, stubborn knees.
 [02:01:46] And heart with strings of steel,
 [02:01:52] Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe!
 [02:02:05] All may be well.
 [02:02:14] Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
 [02:02:22] And now I'll do't.
 [02:02:28] And so he goes to heaven; And so am I revenged.
 [02:02:37] That would be scann'd: A villain kills my father;
 [02:02:40] and for that, I, his sole son,
 [02:02:42] do this same villain send To heaven.
 [02:02:47] O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 [02:02:52] He took my father grossly, full of bread;
 [02:02:56] With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
 [02:03:01] And am I then avenged
 [02:03:02] To take him in the purging of his soul,
 [02:03:05] When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 [02:03:08] No!
 [02:03:11] Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
 [02:03:13] When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
 [02:03:17] Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
 [02:03:19] At game, at swearing, or about some act
 [02:03:22] That has no relish of salvation in't;

[02:03:25] Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven
 [02:03:30] And his soul may be as damn'd and black As hell,
 [02:03:34] whereto it goes.
 [02:03:37] My mother stays:
 [02:03:41] This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.
 [02:03:56] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below.
 [02:04:05] Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
 [02:04:22] He comes straight.
 [02:04:24] Look you lay home to him.
 [02:04:26] Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with
 [02:04:28] And that your grace hath screen'd
 [02:04:29] and stood between Much heat and him.
 [02:04:32] I'll silence me even here.
 [02:04:34] Pray you, be round with him.
 [02:04:35] I'll warrant you.
 [02:04:36] Mother!
 [02:04:37] Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming.
 [02:04:39] Mother?
 [02:04:44] Now, Mother, what's the matter?
 [02:04:51] Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
 [02:04:53] Mother, you have my father much offended.
 [02:04:57] Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
 [02:04:59] Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
 [02:05:02] Why, how now, Hamlet!
 [02:05:03] What's the matter now?
 [02:05:04] Have thou forgot me?
 [02:05:06] No, by the rood, not so:
 [02:05:07] You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
 [02:05:13] And--would it were not so!-- you are my mother.
 [02:05:19] Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.
 [02:05:21] Come, come, and sit you down;
 [02:05:22] you shall not budge;
 [02:05:24] You go not till I set you up a glass
 [02:05:25] Where you may see the inmost part of you.
 [02:05:28] What wilt thou do?
 [02:05:29] Thou wilt not murder me?
 [02:05:30] Help, help, ho!
 [02:05:32] Help, help, help!
 [02:05:33] Now? A rat?
 [02:05:35] Dead, for a ducat, dead!
 [02:05:38] O, I am slain!
 [02:05:40] O me, what hast thou done?
 [02:05:42] Nay, I know not: Is it the king?
 [02:05:44] O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
 [02:05:46] A bloody deed!
 [02:05:47] Almost as bad, good mother,
 [02:05:49] As kill a king and marry with his brother.
 [02:05:51] As kill a king!
 [02:05:53] Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
 [02:05:59] Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool!
 [02:06:06] Farewell.
 [02:06:11] I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
 [02:06:16] Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
 [02:06:24] Leave wringing of your hands: peace!
 [02:06:27] Sit you down, And let me wring your heart;
 [02:06:30] for so I shall, If it be made of penetrable stuff,
 [02:06:33] If damned custom have not brass'd it
 [02:06:35] so That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
 [02:06:37] What have I done
 [02:06:39] that thou dar'st wag thy tongue In noise so rude against me?

[02:06:42] Such an act That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
 [02:06:45] Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
 [02:06:48] From the fair forehead of an innocent love
 [02:06:50] And sets a blister there,
 [02:06:51] makes marriage-vows As false as dicers' oaths.
 [02:06:55] Ay me, what act That roars so loud
 [02:06:57] and thunders in the index?
 [02:06:59] Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
 [02:07:04] The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 [02:07:07] See, what a grace was seated on this brow; Hyperion's curls;
 [02:07:12] the front of Jove himself; An eye like Mars,
 [02:07:16] to threaten and command;
 [02:07:18] A station like the herald Mercury
 [02:07:20] New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 [02:07:22] A combination and a form indeed,
 [02:07:26] Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 [02:07:29] To give the world assurance of a man:
 [02:07:33] This was your husband.
 [02:07:38] Look you now, what follows:
 [02:07:41] Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
 [02:07:44] Blasting his wholesome brother.
 [02:07:45] Have you eyes?
 [02:07:46] Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 [02:07:49] And batten on this moor?
 [02:07:50] Ha!
 [02:07:51] Have you eyes?
 [02:07:53] You cannot call it love;
 [02:07:55] for at your age The hey-day in the blood is tame.
 [02:07:58] It's humble And waits upon the judgment:
 [02:08:00] and what judgment Would step from this to this?
 [02:08:04] Sense, sure, you have, Else could you not have motion;
 [02:08:06] but sure, that sense Is apoplex'd;
 [02:08:08] for madness would not err,
 [02:08:10] Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
 [02:08:12] But it reserved some quantity of choice
 [02:08:15] To serve in such a difference.
 [02:08:17] What devil was't That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
 [02:08:20] O shame!
 [02:08:21] Where is thy blush?
 [02:08:23] Rebellious hell, If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 [02:08:26] To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
 [02:08:29] And melt in its own fire.
 [02:08:31] Proclaim no shame
 [02:08:32] When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
 [02:08:35] Since frost itself as actively doth burn
 [02:08:38] And reason panders will.
 [02:08:40] O Hamlet, speak no more:
 [02:08:42] Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
 [02:08:46] And there I see such black and grained spots
 [02:08:49] As will not leave their tinct.
 [02:08:51] Nay, but to live In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
 [02:08:54] Stew'd in corruption, honeying, making love
 [02:08:59] Over the nasty sty--
 [02:09:01] O, Hamlet speak no more;
 [02:09:03] These words, like daggers, enter in mine ear;
 [02:09:05] No more, sweet Hamlet!
 [02:09:08] A murderer and a villain;
 [02:09:09] A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
 [02:09:11] Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
 [02:09:14] A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

[02:09:17] That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
 [02:09:20] And put it in his pocket!
 [02:09:21] No more!
 [02:09:22] A king of shreds and patches--
 [02:09:31] Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 [02:09:35] You heavenly guards!
 [02:09:37] What would your gracious figure?
 [02:09:39] Alas, he's mad!
 [02:09:42] Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 [02:09:45] That, lapsed in time and passion,
 [02:09:48] lets go by The important acting of your dread command?
 [02:09:54] O, say!
 [02:09:55] Do not forget:
 [02:09:57] this visitation Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
 [02:10:03] But look.
 [02:10:08] Amazement on thy mother sits.
 [02:10:11] O, step between her and her fighting soul:
 [02:10:16] Speak to her, Hamlet.
 [02:10:19] How is it with you, lady?
 [02:10:23] Alas, how is't with you,
 [02:10:27] That you do bend your eye on vacancy
 [02:10:30] And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
 [02:10:34] Whereon do you look?
 [02:10:35] On him, on him!
 [02:10:38] Look you, how pale he glares!
 [02:10:40] His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 [02:10:45] Would make them capable.
 [02:10:46] Do not look upon me;
 [02:10:49] Lest with this piteous action you convert My stern effects:
 [02:10:52] then what I have to do Will want true colour;
 [02:10:56] tears perchance for blood.
 [02:10:58] To whom do you speak this?
 [02:11:03] Do you see nothing there?
 [02:11:06] Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
 [02:11:10] Nor did you nothing hear?
 [02:11:13] No, nothing but ourselves.
 [02:11:15] Why, look you there!
 [02:11:19] Look, how it steals away!
 [02:11:22] My father, in his habit as he lived!
 [02:11:27] Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
 [02:11:30] This is the very coinage of your brain:
 [02:11:33] This bodiless creation ecstasy Is very cunning in.
 [02:11:43] Ecstasy!
 [02:11:46] My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 [02:11:50] And makes as healthful music:
 [02:11:53] it is not madness That I have utter'd:
 [02:11:57] bring me to the test,
 [02:11:59] And I the matter will re-word; which madness Would gambol from.
 [02:12:04] Mother, for love of grace,
 [02:12:07] Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
 [02:12:11] That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
 [02:12:15] It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
 [02:12:19] Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
 [02:12:22] Infects unseen.
 [02:12:24] Confess yourself to heaven;
 [02:12:28] Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
 [02:12:32] And do not spread the compost on the weeds
 [02:12:35] To make them ranker.
 [02:12:37] O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
 [02:12:44] O, throw away the worser part of it

[02:12:48] And live the purer with the other half.
 [02:12:53] Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
 [02:13:03] Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 [02:13:08] Refrain to-night.
 [02:13:11] That shall lend a kind of easiness
 [02:13:13] To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
 [02:13:19] Once more, good night:
 [02:13:23] And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
 [02:13:26] I'll blessing beg of you.
 [02:13:33] For this same lord, I do repent:
 [02:13:38] but heaven hath pleased it so
 [02:13:40] To punish me with this and this with me,
 [02:13:41] That I must be their scourge and minister.
 [02:13:47] I will bestow him,
 [02:13:49] and will answer well The death I gave him.
 [02:13:52] So, again, good night.
 [02:13:53] I must be cruel, only to be kind.
 [02:13:59] Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
 [02:14:12] One word more, good lady.
 [02:14:16] What shall I do?
 [02:14:17] Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
 [02:14:21] Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
 [02:14:24] Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
 [02:14:28] And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 [02:14:31] Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 [02:14:35] Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 [02:14:38] That I essentially am not in madness, But mad in craft.
 [02:14:51] 'Twere good you let him know.
 [02:14:53] Be thou assured, if words be made of breath
 [02:14:57] And breath of life,
 [02:15:00] I have no life to breathe What thou hast said to me.
 [02:15:05] I must to England; you know that?
 [02:15:09] Alack, I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.
 [02:15:13] There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,
 [02:15:16] Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
 [02:15:20] They bear the mandate;
 [02:15:22] They must sweep my way, And marshal me to knavery.
 [02:15:28] Let it work; For 'tis the sport
 [02:15:32] to have the engineer Hoist with his own petard:
 [02:15:36] and it shall go hard,
 [02:15:38] But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 [02:15:41] And blow them at the moon.
 [02:15:47] O, 'tis most sweet,
 [02:15:50] When in one line two crafts directly meet.
 [02:15:56] This man shall set me packing:
 [02:15:58] I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
 [02:16:02] Mother, good night.
 [02:16:08] Indeed this counselor Is now most still,
 [02:16:11] most secret and most grave,
 [02:16:15] Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
 [02:16:26] Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
 [02:16:33] Good night, mother.

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[02:16:39] There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
 [02:16:43] You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
 [02:16:47] Where is your son?
 [02:16:55] Bestow this place on us a little while.
 [02:17:03] O, my own lord, what have I seen to-night!
 [02:17:07] What, Gertrude?
 [02:17:08] How does Hamlet?
 [02:17:13] Mad as the sea and wind,
 [02:17:17] when both contend Which is the mightier:
 [02:17:20] in his lawless fit,
 [02:17:22] Behind the arras hearing something stir,
 [02:17:27] Whips out his rapier, cries, "A rat, a rat!"
 [02:17:32] And, in this brainish apprehension,
 [02:17:36] kills The unseen good old man.
 [02:17:53] O heavy deed!
 [02:18:02] It had been so with us, had we been there:
 [02:18:06] His liberty is full of threats to all;
 [02:18:10] To you yourself, to us, to every one.
 [02:18:15] Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
 [02:18:18] It will be laid to us,
 [02:18:20] whose providence Should have kept short,
 [02:18:22] restrain'd and out of haunt,
 [02:18:23] This mad young man: but so much was our love,
 [02:18:27] We would not understand what was most fit;
 [02:18:29] But, like the owner of a foul disease
 [02:18:31] To keep it from divulging,
 [02:18:32] let it feed Even on the pith of Life.
 [02:18:35] Where is he gone?
 [02:18:38] To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
 [02:18:41] O'er whom his very madness,
 [02:18:43] like some ore Among a mineral of metals base,
 [02:18:46] Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.
 [02:18:49] O Gertrude, come away!
 [02:18:53] The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
 [02:18:55] But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed We must,
 [02:19:01] with all our majesty and skill, Both countenance and excuse.
 [02:19:06] Ho, Guildenstern!
 [02:19:12] Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
 [02:19:14] Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
 [02:19:17] And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
 [02:19:19] Go seek him out; speak fair,
 [02:19:20] and bring the body Into the chapel.
 [02:19:28] Gertrude, come away.
 [02:19:34] My soul is full of discord and dismay.
 [02:19:38] Safely stowed.
 [02:19:41] Hamlet!
 [02:19:43] Lord Hamlet!
 [02:19:44] What noise?
 [02:19:45] Who calls on Hamlet?
 [02:19:51] O, here they come.
 [02:19:59] What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
 [02:20:02] Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
 [02:20:04] Tell us where 'tis,
 [02:20:05] that we may take it thence And bear it to the chapel.
 [02:20:07] Do not believe it.
 [02:20:09] Believe what?
 [02:20:11] That I can keep your counsel and not mine own.
 [02:20:13] Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!

[02:20:16] What replication should be made by the son of a king?
 [02:20:21] Take you me for a sponge, my lord?
 [02:20:23] Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance,
 [02:20:25] his rewards, his authorities.
 [02:20:27] But such officers do the king best service in the end:
 [02:20:30] he keeps them, like an ape an apple,
 [02:20:32] in the corner of his jaw;
 [02:20:33] first mouthed, to be last swallowed.
 [02:20:36] When he needs what you have gleaned,
 [02:20:38] it is but squeezing you, and, sponge,
 [02:20:43] you shall be dry again.
 [02:20:46] I understand you not, my lord.
 [02:20:49] I am glad of it.
 [02:20:50] A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.
 [02:20:52] My lord, you must tell us where the body is
 [02:20:54] and go with us to the king.
 [02:20:56] The body is with the king,
 [02:20:58] but the king is not with the body.
 [02:21:01] The king is a thing--
 [02:21:03] A thing, my lord!
 [02:21:05] Of nothing.
 [02:21:10] Bring me to him.
 [02:21:14] Hide fox, and all after.
 [02:21:20] I have sent to seek him and to find the body.
 [02:21:24] How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
 [02:21:27] Yet must we not put the strong law on him.
 [02:21:28] He's loved of the distracted multitude,
 [02:21:30] Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
 [02:21:33] And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
 [02:21:35] But never the offence.
 [02:21:37] To bear all smooth and even,
 [02:21:39] This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause:
 [02:21:43] diseases desperate grown By desperate appliance
 [02:21:47] are relieved, Or not at all.
 [02:21:48] How now!
 [02:21:49] What hath befall'n?
 [02:21:50] Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
 [02:21:51] We cannot get from him.
 [02:21:52] But where is he?
 [02:21:53] Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.
 [02:21:55] Bring him before us.
 [02:21:57] Ho, Guildenstern!
 [02:21:59] Bring in the lord.
 [02:22:07] Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
 [02:22:11] At supper.
 [02:22:12] At supper! Where?
 [02:22:14] Not where he eats, but where he is eaten.
 [02:22:18] A certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.
 [02:22:22] Your worm is your only emperor for diet.
 [02:22:24] We fat all creatures else to fat us,
 [02:22:25] and we fat ourselves for maggots.
 [02:22:28] Your fat king and your lean beggar
 [02:22:31] is but variable service,
 [02:22:32] two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.
 [02:22:35] Alas, alas!
 [02:22:37] Man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king
 [02:22:40] and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
 [02:22:44] What dost thou mean by this?
 [02:22:46] Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress
 [02:22:50] through the guts of a beggar.

[02:22:53] Where's Polonius?
[02:22:55] In heaven; send thither to see:
[02:22:59] if your messenger find him not there,
[02:23:01] seek him in the other place yourself.
[02:23:06] But indeed, if you find him not within this month,
[02:23:08] You shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
[02:23:12] Go seek him there.
[02:23:14] He will stay till you come.
[02:23:19] Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety--
[02:23:23] Which we do tender,
[02:23:25] as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done--
[02:23:27] must send thee hence With fiery quickness:
[02:23:28] therefore prepare thyself; The bark is ready,
[02:23:31] the wind at help, The associates tend,
[02:23:33] and every thing is bent For England.
[02:23:34] For England!
[02:23:35] Ay, Hamlet.
[02:23:37] Good.
[02:23:38] So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
[02:23:41] I see a cherub that sees them.
[02:23:44] But, come; for England!
[02:23:46] Farewell, dear mother.
[02:23:49] Thy loving father, Hamlet.
[02:23:50] My mother:
[02:23:52] father and mother is man and wife;
[02:23:54] man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.
[02:24:01] Come, for England!
[02:24:05] Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
[02:24:08] Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night.
[02:24:23] And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
[02:24:27] thou mayst not coldly set Our sovereign process;
[02:24:30] which imports at full,
[02:24:32] By letters congruing to that effect,
[02:24:35] The present death of Hamlet.
[02:24:37] Do it, England; For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
[02:24:41] And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
[02:24:46] Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.
[02:24:54] Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
[02:24:58] Tell him that, by his license,
[02:24:59] Fortinbras Craves the conveyance
[02:25:01] of a promised march Over his kingdom.
[02:25:04] You know the rendezvous.
[02:25:06] If that his majesty would aught with us,
[02:25:09] We shall express our duty in his eye; And let him know so.
[02:25:13] I will do't, my lord.
[02:25:18] Go softly on.
[02:25:30] Good sir, whose powers are these?
[02:25:34] They are of Norway, sir.
[02:25:35] How purposed, sir, I pray you?
[02:25:37] Against some part of Poland.
[02:25:38] Who commands them, sir?
[02:25:39] The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.
[02:25:41] Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
[02:25:43] Or for some frontier?
[02:25:45] Truly to speak, and with no addition,
[02:25:46] We go to gain a little patch of ground
[02:25:48] That hath in it no profit but the name.
[02:25:51] To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it.
[02:25:53] Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
[02:25:55] Yes, it is already garrison'd.

[02:26:00] I humbly thank you, sir.
 [02:26:06] Wilt please you go, my lord?
 [02:26:09] I'll be with you straight go a little before.
 [02:26:20] How all occasions do inform against me
 [02:26:23] And spur my dull revenge!
 [02:26:29] What is a man,
 [02:26:31] If his chief good and market of his time
 [02:26:34] Be but to sleep and feed?
 [02:26:37] A beast, no more.
 [02:26:40] Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
 [02:26:43] Looking before and after,
 [02:26:44] gave us not That capability and god-like reason
 [02:26:48] To fust in us unused.
 [02:26:51] Now, whether it be Bestial oblivion
 [02:26:56] or some craven scruple
 [02:26:58] Of thinking too precisely on the event,
 [02:27:01] I do not know Why yet I live to say,
 [02:27:06] "This thing's to do."
 [02:27:10] I have cause and will and strength and means To do't.
 [02:27:17] Examples gross as earth exhort me:
 [02:27:21] Witness this army of such mass and charge
 [02:27:24] Led by a delicate and tender prince,
 [02:27:27] Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
 [02:27:30] Makes mouths at the invisible event,
 [02:27:34] Exposing what is mortal and unsure To all that fortune,
 [02:27:38] death and danger dare, Even for an egg-shell.
 [02:27:46] Rightly to be great Is not to stir without great argument,
 [02:27:53] But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
 [02:27:57] When honour's at the stake.
 [02:28:00] How stand I then, That have a father kill'd,
 [02:28:05] a mother stain'd, Excitements of my reason and my blood,
 [02:28:09] And let all sleep?
 [02:28:10] While, to my shame, I see The imminent death
 [02:28:13] of twenty thousand men, That,
 [02:28:17] for a fantasy and trick of fame, Go to their graves like beds,
 [02:28:22] fight for a plot Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 [02:28:27] Which is not tomb enough and continent To hide the slain?
 [02:28:34] O, from this time forth, My thoughts be bloody,
 [02:28:40] or be nothing worth!
 [02:29:05] I will not speak with her.
 [02:29:08] She is importunate, indeed distract.
 [02:29:12] Her mood will needs be pitied.
 [02:29:15] What would she have?
 [02:29:17] She speaks much of her father;
 [02:29:19] says she hears There's tricks i' the world;
 [02:29:21] and hems, and beats her heart;
 [02:29:24] Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
 [02:29:28] That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
 [02:29:32] Yet the unshaped use of it
 [02:29:33] doth move her hearers to collection.
 [02:29:36] They yawn at it,
 [02:29:38] And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
 [02:29:40] Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
 [02:29:42] Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
 [02:29:45] Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
 [02:29:47] It were good she were spoken with;
 [02:29:49] for she may strew Dangerous conjectures
 [02:29:51] in ill-breeding minds.
 [02:29:55] Let her come in.
 [02:30:00] To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,

[02:30:06] Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
 [02:30:11] So full of artless jealousy is guilt;
 [02:30:14] It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.
 [02:30:27] Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
 [02:30:32] How now, Ophelia!
 [02:30:41] How should I your true love know From another one?
 [02:30:46] By his cockle hat and staff, And his sandal shoon.
 [02:30:51] Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?
 [02:30:53] Say you?
 [02:30:54] Nay, pray you, mark.
 [02:30:56] He is dead and gone, lady, He is dead and gone;
 [02:31:00] At his head a grass-green turf,
 [02:31:03] At his heels a stone.
 [02:31:05] Nay, but, Ophelia.
 [02:31:06] Pray you, mark.
 [02:31:08] White his shroud as the mountain snow.
 [02:31:10] Larded with sweet flowers Which bewept to the grave--
 [02:31:14] Alas, look here.
 [02:31:15] Did not go With true-love showers.
 [02:31:17] How do you, pretty lady?
 [02:31:19] Well.
 [02:31:21] God dild you!
 [02:31:25] They say the owl was a baker's daughter.
 [02:31:28] Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
 [02:31:33] God be at your table!
 [02:31:35] Conceit upon her father.
 [02:31:36] Pray let's have no words of this;
 [02:31:39] but when they ask you what it means, say you this:
 [02:31:44] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
 [02:31:47] All in the morning betime, And I a maid at your window,
 [02:31:51] To be your Valentine.
 [02:31:53] Then up he rose and donn'd his clothes
 [02:31:56] And dupp'd the chamber-door;
 [02:31:58] Let in a maid, let out a maid,
 [02:32:03] Never departed more.
 [02:32:04] Pretty Ophelia!
 [02:32:05] Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:
 [02:32:07] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
 [02:32:09] Alack, and fie for shame!
 [02:32:11] Young men will do't, if they come to't;
 [02:32:14] By cock, they are to blame.
 [02:32:16] Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
 [02:32:18] You promised me to wed.
 [02:32:22] He answers:
 [02:32:25] So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
 [02:32:27] An thou hadst not come to my bed.
 [02:32:30] How long hath she been thus?
 [02:32:31] I hope all will be well.
 [02:32:34] We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep,
 [02:32:39] to think they would lay him in the cold ground.
 [02:32:43] My brother shall know of it!
 [02:32:48] And so I thank you for your good counsel.
 [02:32:52] Come, my coach!
 [02:32:54] Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies;
 [02:33:00] good night, good night.
 [02:33:07] Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.
 [02:33:14] O, this is the poison of deep grief;
 [02:33:18] it springs All from her father's death.
 [02:33:20] And now behold.
 [02:33:23] O Gertrude, Gertrude, When sorrows come,

[02:33:28] they come not single spies But in battalions.
 [02:33:33] First, her father slain: Next, your son gone;
 [02:33:39] and he most violent author Of his own just remove:
 [02:33:41] the people muddied,
 [02:33:43] Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
 [02:33:45] For good Polonius' death;
 [02:33:47] and we have done but greenly, In hugger-mugger to inter him.
 [02:33:51] Poor Ophelia Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
 [02:33:56] Without the which we are pictures,
 [02:33:59] or mere beasts:
 [02:34:04] Last, and as much containing as all these,
 [02:34:08] Her brother is in secret come from France
 [02:34:11] and wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 [02:34:13] With pestilent speeches of his father's death.
 [02:34:16] O my dear Gertrude, this, Like to a murdering-piece,
 [02:34:20] in many places Gives me superfluous death.
 [02:34:24] Alack, what noise is this?
 [02:34:28] Attend! Where are my Swissers?
 [02:34:29] Let them guard the door.
 [02:34:30] What's the matter?
 [02:34:31] Save yourself, my lord:
 [02:34:32] The ocean, overpeering of his list,
 [02:34:34] Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
 [02:34:36] Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 [02:34:38] O'erbears your officers.
 [02:34:39] The rabble call him lord;
 [02:34:41] And, as the world were now but to begin,
 [02:34:43] Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
 [02:34:45] They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king."
 [02:34:48] Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds:
 [02:34:51] "Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"
 [02:34:53] How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
 [02:34:57] O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!
 [02:35:01] The doors are broke.
 [02:35:03] Where is this king?
 [02:35:05] O thou vile king, Give me my father!
 [02:35:09] Calmly, good Laertes.
 [02:35:12] That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,
 [02:35:15] Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot Even here,
 [02:35:19] between the chaste unsmirched brow Of my true mother.
 [02:35:22] What is the cause, Laertes,
 [02:35:24] That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
 [02:35:27] Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
 [02:35:30] There's such divinity doth hedge a king
 [02:35:33] That treason can but peep to what it would,
 [02:35:35] Acts little of his will.
 [02:35:38] Tell me, Laertes, Why thou art thus incensed.
 [02:35:41] Let him go, Gertrude.
 [02:35:44] Speak, man.
 [02:35:45] Where is my father?
 [02:35:47] Dead.
 [02:35:48] But not by him.
 [02:35:49] Let him demand his fill.
 [02:35:50] How came he dead?
 [02:35:51] I'll not be juggled with: To hell, allegiance!
 [02:35:56] Vows, to the blackest devil!
 [02:35:58] Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
 [02:36:01] I dare damnation.
 [02:36:04] To this point I stand,
 [02:36:06] That both the worlds I give to negligence,

[02:36:09] Let come what comes;
 [02:36:11] only I'll be revenged Most throughly for my father.
 [02:36:14] Who shall stay you?
 [02:36:15] My will, not all the worlds.
 [02:36:18] Good Laertes, If you desire to know the certainty
 [02:36:21] Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge,
 [02:36:23] That, swoopstake,
 [02:36:24] you will draw both friend and foe, Winner and loser?
 [02:36:26] None but his enemies.
 [02:36:28] Will you know them then?
 [02:36:30] To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
 [02:36:33] And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
 [02:36:36] Repast them with my blood.
 [02:36:37] Why, now you speak Like a good child
 [02:36:40] and a true gentleman.
 [02:36:43] That I am guiltless of your father's death
 [02:36:45] And am most sensibly in grief for it,
 [02:36:47] It shall as level to your judgment pierce
 [02:36:49] As day does to your eye.
 [02:36:50] How now!
 [02:36:51] What noise is that?
 [02:37:09] O heat, dry up my brains!
 [02:37:12] Tears seven times salt,
 [02:37:14] Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
 [02:37:18] By heavens, thy madness shall be paid with weight
 [02:37:23] Till our scale turn the beam.
 [02:37:25] O rose of May!
 [02:37:30] Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
 [02:37:37] O heavens!
 [02:37:39] Is't possible a young maid's wits
 [02:37:42] Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
 [02:37:45] Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
 [02:37:47] It sends some precious instance of itself after the thing it loves.
 [02:37:52] They bore him barefaced on the bier;
 [02:37:56] Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
 [02:38:00] And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
 [02:38:03] Fare you well, my dove!
 [02:38:09] Hadst thou thy wits and didst persuade revenge,
 [02:38:12] It could not move thus.
 [02:38:15] You must sing a-down a-down, An' you call him a-down-a.
 [02:38:21] O, how the wheel becomes it!
 [02:38:23] It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.
 [02:38:27] This nothing's more than matter.
 [02:38:30] There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
 [02:38:34] pray you, love, remember.
 [02:38:39] There's pansies.
 [02:38:40] That's for thoughts.
 [02:38:43] A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.
 [02:38:49] There's fennel for you, and columbines.
 [02:38:55] There's rue for you; and there's some for me.
 [02:38:57] We may call it herb-grace o' Sundays:
 [02:39:00] O you must wear your rue with a difference.
 [02:39:03] There's a daisy.
 [02:39:09] I would give you some violets,
 [02:39:11] but they withered all when my father died.
 [02:39:16] They say he made a good end.
 [02:39:19] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.
 [02:39:24] Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
 [02:39:29] She turns to favour and to prettiness.
 [02:39:33] Will he not come again?

[02:39:37] And will he not come again?
 [02:39:43] No, no, he is dead: Go to thy death-bed:
 [02:39:50] He never will come again.
 [02:39:55] His beard was as white as snow,
 [02:39:59] All flaxen was his poll:
 [02:40:03] He is gone, he is gone, And we cast away moan:
 [02:40:09] God ha' mercy on his soul!
 [02:40:14] And of all Christian souls, I pray God.
 [02:40:23] God buy you.
 [02:40:26] Do you see this, O God?
 [02:40:31] Laertes.
 [02:40:35] I must commune with your grief,
 [02:40:36] Or you deny me right.
 [02:40:41] Go but apart,
 [02:40:43] Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will.
 [02:40:45] And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
 [02:40:46] If by direct or by collateral hand
 [02:40:48] They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
 [02:40:50] Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours
 [02:40:52] To you in satisfaction; but if not,
 [02:40:55] Be you content to lend your patience to us,
 [02:40:59] And we shall jointly labour with your soul
 [02:41:01] To give it due content.
 [02:41:07] Let this be so;
 [02:41:09] His means of death, his obscure funeral--
 [02:41:14] No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
 [02:41:17] No noble rite nor formal ostentation--
 [02:41:19] Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
 [02:41:24] That I must call't in question.
 [02:41:26] And so you shall;
 [02:41:29] And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
 [02:41:50] God bless you, sir.
 [02:41:53] Let him bless thee too.
 [02:41:54] That shall, sir, and please him.
 [02:41:59] There's a letter for you, sir.
 [02:42:02] It came from the ambassador that was bound for England;
 [02:42:06] if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.
 [02:42:27] "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this,
 [02:42:30] "give these fellows some means to the king:
 [02:42:32] "they have letters for him.
 [02:42:34] "Ere we were two days old at sea,
 [02:42:36] "a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase.
 [02:42:39] "Finding ourselves too slow of sail,
 [02:42:41] "we put on a compelled valour,
 [02:42:43] "and in the grapple I boarded them:
 [02:42:45] "on the instant they got clear of our ship;
 [02:42:47] "so I alone became their prisoner.
 [02:42:50] "They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy:
 [02:42:52] "but they knew what they did;
 [02:42:53] "I am to do a good turn for them.
 [02:42:59] "Let the king have the letters I have sent;
 [02:43:03] "and repair thou to me with as much speed
 [02:43:05] "as thou wouldst fly death.
 [02:43:07] "I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb;
 [02:43:10] "yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter.
 [02:43:13] "These good fellows will bring thee where I am.
 [02:43:15] "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England:
 [02:43:19] "of them I have much to tell thee.
 [02:43:21] "Farewell.
 [02:43:22] He that thou knowest thine, --Hamlet."

[02:43:29] Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
 [02:43:32] And do it the speedier that you may direct me To him
 [02:43:35] from whom you brought them.
 [02:43:48] Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal,
 [02:43:52] And you must put me in your heart for friend,
 [02:43:54] Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
 [02:43:57] That he which hath your noble father slain
 [02:44:00] Pursued my life.
 [02:44:02] It well appears.
 [02:44:03] But tell me Why you proceeded not against these feats,
 [02:44:06] So crimeful and so capital in nature,
 [02:44:08] As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
 [02:44:11] You mainly were stirr'd up.
 [02:44:13] O, for two special reasons;
 [02:44:14] Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
 [02:44:16] But yet to me they are strong.
 [02:44:17] The queen his mother Lives almost by his looks;
 [02:44:21] and for myself--
 [02:44:23] My virtue or my plague, be it either which--
 [02:44:27] She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
 [02:44:29] That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
 [02:44:32] I could not but by her.
 [02:44:35] The other motive, Why to a public count I might not go,
 [02:44:39] Is the great love the general gender bear him;
 [02:44:42] Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
 [02:44:44] Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
 [02:44:46] Convert his gyves to graces.
 [02:44:48] And so have I a noble father lost;
 [02:44:51] A sister driven into desperate terms,
 [02:44:54] Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
 [02:44:56] Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 [02:44:58] For her perfections: but my revenge will come.
 [02:45:02] Break not your sleeps for that:
 [02:45:06] you must not think That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
 [02:45:09] That we can let our beard be shook with danger
 [02:45:11] And think it pastime.
 [02:45:13] You shortly shall hear more:
 [02:45:18] I loved your father, and we love ourself;
 [02:45:22] And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine--
 [02:45:24] How now! What news?
 [02:45:26] Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
 [02:45:28] These to your majesty; this to the queen.
 [02:45:30] From Hamlet!
 [02:45:34] Who brought them?
 [02:45:35] Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
 [02:45:38] They were given me by Claudio;
 [02:45:39] he received them Of him that brought them.
 [02:45:44] Laertes, you shall hear them.
 [02:45:46] Leave us.
 [02:45:50] "High and mighty,
 [02:45:52] "You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom.
 [02:45:55] "To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes:
 [02:45:59] "when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto,
 [02:46:01] "recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.
 [02:46:04] --Hamlet."
 [02:46:05] What should this mean?
 [02:46:08] Are all the rest come back?
 [02:46:09] Or is this some abuse, and no such thing?
 [02:46:11] Know you the hand?
 [02:46:13] 'Tis Hamlet's character.

[02:46:14] "Naked!"
 [02:46:17] And in a postscript here, he says "alone."
 [02:46:20] Can you advise me?
 [02:46:23] I'm lost in it, my lord.
 [02:46:25] But let him come;
 [02:46:27] It warms the very sickness in my heart
 [02:46:28] That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
 [02:46:31] "Thus didest thou."
 [02:46:32] If it be so, Laertes-- thus how should it be so?
 [02:46:37] How otherwise?
 [02:46:38] Will you be ruled by me?
 [02:46:40] Ay, my lord; So you will not o'errule me to a peace.
 [02:46:44] To thine own peace.
 [02:46:47] If he be now return'd, As checking at his voyage,
 [02:46:49] and that he means No more to undertake it,
 [02:46:51] I will work him To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
 [02:46:54] Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
 [02:46:56] And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
 [02:46:58] But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
 [02:47:00] And call it accident.
 [02:47:02] My lord, I will be ruled; The rather,
 [02:47:05] if you could devise it so That I might be the organ.
 [02:47:14] It falls right.
 [02:47:17] You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
 [02:47:20] And that in Hamlet's hearing,
 [02:47:22] for a quality Wherein, they say, you shine.
 [02:47:25] Two months since, Here was a gentleman of Normandy.
 [02:47:28] He made confession of you
 [02:47:29] And gave you such a masterly report For art and exercise
 [02:47:32] in your defence And for your rapier most especial
 [02:47:35] That he cried out,
 [02:47:37] 'twould be a sight indeed If one could match you.
 [02:47:40] This report of his Did Hamlet so envenom
 [02:47:43] with his envy That he could nothing do
 [02:47:45] but wish and beg Your sudden coming o'er
 [02:47:46] to play with you.
 [02:47:49] Now, out of this.
 [02:47:56] What out of this, my lord?
 [02:47:59] Laertes, was your father dear to you?
 [02:48:02] Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 [02:48:04] A face without a heart?
 [02:48:05] Why ask you this?
 [02:48:06] Not that I think you did not love your father;
 [02:48:08] But that I know love is begun by time;
 [02:48:11] And that I see, in passages of proof,
 [02:48:13] Time qualifies the fire and spark of it.
 [02:48:16] There lives within the very flame of love
 [02:48:18] A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
 [02:48:22] And nothing is at a like goodness still;
 [02:48:25] But goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
 [02:48:28] Dies in his own too much.
 [02:48:33] But, to the quick o' the ulcer.
 [02:48:35] Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake
 [02:48:38] To show yourself in deed
 [02:48:39] your father's son More than in words?
 [02:48:43] To cut his throat i' the church.
 [02:48:45] No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
 [02:48:48] Revenge should know no bounds.
 [02:48:51] But, good Laertes, Will you do this,
 [02:48:54] keep close within your chamber.

[02:48:56] Hamlet return'd shall know you are come back.
 [02:48:58] We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
 [02:49:00] And set a double varnish on the fame The Frenchman gave you,
 [02:49:03] bring you in fine together And wager on your heads:
 [02:49:05] he, being remiss, Most generous and free from all contrivings,
 [02:49:09] Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
 [02:49:12] Or with a little shuffling, you may choose A sword unbated,
 [02:49:17] and in a pass of practice Requite him for your father.
 [02:49:23] I will do't:
 [02:49:25] And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
 [02:49:29] I bought an unction of a mountebank
 [02:49:30] So mortal that but dip a knife in it,
 [02:49:34] Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
 [02:49:37] Collected from all simples that have virtue Under the moon
 [02:49:39] can save the thing from death That is but scratch'd withal:
 [02:49:44] I'll touch my point With this contagion,
 [02:49:46] that, if I gall him slightly, It may be death.
 [02:49:50] Let's further think of this;
 [02:49:54] Weigh what convenience both of time and means
 [02:49:56] May fit us to our shape.
 [02:49:57] If this should fail,
 [02:49:59] And that our drift look through our bad performance,
 [02:50:02] 'Twere better not assay'd:
 [02:50:03] therefore this project Should have a back or second,
 [02:50:06] that might hold, If this did blast in proof.
 [02:50:09] Soft!
 [02:50:10] Let me see.
 [02:50:12] We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings.
 [02:50:16] O, I ha't.
 [02:50:20] When in your motions you are hot and dry--
 [02:50:22] As make your bout more violent to that end--
 [02:50:24] And that he calls for drink,
 [02:50:25] I'll have preffer'd him A chalice for the nonce,
 [02:50:28] whereon but sipping,
 [02:50:30] If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
 [02:50:33] Our purpose may hold there.
 [02:50:35] Stay. What noise?
 [02:50:45] One woe doth tread upon another's heels.
 [02:50:49] So fast they follow.
 [02:50:56] Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
 [02:51:05] Drown'd!
 [02:51:09] O, where?
 [02:51:15] There is a willow grows aslant the brook
 [02:51:18] That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
 [02:51:22] There with fantastic garlands
 [02:51:24] she would make of daisies, crow-flowers, nettles,
 [02:51:28] and long purples which liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
 [02:51:35] But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
 [02:51:41] There, on the pendent boughs
 [02:51:46] her coronet weeds Clambering to hang,
 [02:51:49] an envious sliver broke;
 [02:51:53] When down her weedy trophies and herself
 [02:51:55] Fell in the weeping brook.
 [02:51:58] Her clothes spread wide;
 [02:52:01] And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
 [02:52:05] Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds;
 [02:52:09] As one incapable of her own distress
 [02:52:12] Or like a creature native and indued Unto that element:
 [02:52:16] but long it could not be Till that her garments,
 [02:52:21] heavy with their drink,

[02:52:24] Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
[02:52:29] To muddy death.
[02:52:33] Alas, then, she is drown'd?
[02:52:38] Drown'd, drown'd.
[02:52:48] Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia.
[02:52:57] And therefore I forbid my tears.
[02:53:06] But yet It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
[02:53:13] Let shame say what it will.
[02:53:21] When these are gone, the woman will be out!
[02:53:26] Adieu, my lord:
[02:53:29] I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
[02:53:34] But that this folly douts it.
[02:53:42] Let's follow, Gertrude:
[02:53:48] How much I had to do to calm his rage.
[02:53:52] Now fear I this will give it start again.
[02:53:56] Therefore let's follow.

Hamlet Act 5

[02:54:01] Is she to be buried in Christian burial
 [02:54:03] when she willfully seeks her own salvation?
 [02:54:06] I tell thee she is:
 [02:54:07] and therefore make her grave straight:
 [02:54:10] the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.
 [02:54:13] How can that be,
 [02:54:14] unless she drowned herself in her own defense?
 [02:54:17] Why, 'tis found so.
 [02:54:20] It must be "se offendendo;" it cannot be else.
 [02:54:22] For here lies the point:
 [02:54:23] if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act:
 [02:54:25] and an act hath three branches.
 [02:54:27] It is to act, to do, to perform.
 [02:54:30] Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.
 [02:54:32] Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.
 [02:54:34] Give me leave.
 [02:54:35] Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good;
 [02:54:39] if the man go to this water and drown himself,
 [02:54:42] it is, will he, nill he, he goes,--mark you that;
 [02:54:46] but if the water come to him and drown him,
 [02:54:49] he drowns not himself.
 [02:54:51] Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death
 [02:54:53] shortens not his own life.
 [02:54:55] But is this law?
 [02:54:56] Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.
 [02:54:59] Will you ha' the truth on't?
 [02:55:00] If this had not been a gentlewoman,
 [02:55:02] she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.
 [02:55:04] Why, there thou say'st:
 [02:55:06] and the more pity that great folk
 [02:55:10] should have countenance in this world
 [02:55:12] to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian.
 [02:55:16] Come, my spade.
 [02:55:18] There is no ancient gentleman but gardeners,
 [02:55:21] ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.
 [02:55:26] Was he a gentleman?
 [02:55:27] He was the first ever bore arms.
 [02:55:30] Why, he had none.
 [02:55:31] What, art a heathen?
 [02:55:32] How dost thou understand the Scripture?
 [02:55:34] The Scripture says, "Adam digged."
 [02:55:41] Could he dig without arms?
 [02:55:43] I'll put another question to thee:
 [02:55:45] if thou answerest me not to the purpose,
 [02:55:47] confess thyself.
 [02:55:48] Go to.
 [02:55:49] What is he that builds stronger
 [02:55:51] than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?
 [02:55:55] The gallows-maker;
 [02:55:57] for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.
 [02:56:00] I like thy wit well, in good faith:
 [02:56:02] the gallows does well; but how does it do well?
 [02:56:06] It does well to those that do ill.
 [02:56:08] Now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger
 [02:56:10] than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee.
 [02:56:13] To't again, come.
 [02:56:15] "Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright,
 [02:56:17] or a carpenter?"

[02:56:19] Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.
 [02:56:21] Marry, now I can tell.
 [02:56:22] To't.
 [02:56:24] Mass, I cannot tell.
 [02:56:26] Cudgel thy brains no more about it,
 [02:56:28] for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating;
 [02:56:29] and, when you are asked this question next, say,
 [02:56:33] "a grave-maker: the houses that he makes last"--
 [02:56:36] Until doomsday."
 [02:56:40] Go, get thee to Yaughan: fetch me a stoup of liquor.
 [02:56:44] In youth, when I did love, did love,
 [02:56:48] Methought it were very sweet, To contract,
 [02:56:51] O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
 [02:56:53] methought there was nothing meet.
 [02:56:57] Has this fellow no feeling of his business
 [02:56:59] that he sings at grave-making?
 [02:57:03] Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.
 [02:57:07] 'Tis e'en so:
 [02:57:10] the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.
 [02:57:13] But age, with his stealing step,
 [02:57:16] Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
 [02:57:19] And shipped me into the land,
 [02:57:22] As if I had never been such.
 [02:57:26] That skull had a tongue in it and could sing once.
 [02:57:30] How the knave jowls it to the ground
 [02:57:31] as if it were Cain's jaw-bone that did the first murder!
 [02:57:35] This might be the pate of a politician,
 [02:57:38] which this ass now o'er-reaches;
 [02:57:40] one that would circumvent God, might it not?
 [02:57:43] It might, my lord.
 [02:57:45] Or of a courtier;
 [02:57:46] which could say, "Good morrow, sweet lord!
 [02:57:49] How dost thou, sweet lord?"
 [02:57:51] This might be my lord such-a-one,
 [02:57:54] that praised my lord such-a-one's horse,
 [02:57:56] when he meant to beg it; might it not?
 [02:57:57] Ay, my lord.
 [02:57:59] Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's;
 [02:58:03] chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade.
 [02:58:08] Here's fine revolution, an' we had the trick to see't.
 [02:58:10] A spade, For and a shrouding sheet:
 [02:58:14] O, a pit of clay for to be made For such a guest is meet.
 [02:58:23] There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer?
 [02:58:28] Why does he suffer this rude knave now
 [02:58:30] to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel,
 [02:58:33] and will not tell him of his action of battery?
 [02:58:36] Hmm?
 [02:58:39] I will speak to this fellow.
 [02:58:45] Whose grave's this, sirrah?
 [02:58:46] Mine, sir.
 [02:58:48] O, a pit of clay for to be made For such a guest is meet.
 [02:58:54] Indeed I think it be thine; thou liest in't.
 [02:58:56] You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it's not yours:
 [02:58:58] for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.
 [02:59:01] Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine:
 [02:59:03] 'tis for the dead, not for the quick;
 [02:59:05] therefore thou liest.
 [02:59:06] 'Tis a quick lie, sir;
 [02:59:07] 'twill away gain, from me to you.
 [02:59:10] What man dost thou dig it for?

[02:59:11] For no man, sir.
 [02:59:12] What woman, then?
 [02:59:13] None, neither.
 [02:59:15] Who is to be buried in't?
 [02:59:16] One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.
 [02:59:21] Absolute the knave is!
 [02:59:23] We must speak by the card or equivocation will undo us.
 [02:59:29] How long hast thou been a grave-maker?
 [02:59:31] Of all the days i' the year,
 [02:59:33] I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet
 [02:59:36] overcame Fortinbras.
 [02:59:37] How long is that since?
 [02:59:39] Cannot you tell that?
 [02:59:40] Every fool can tell that:
 [02:59:42] it was the very day that young Hamlet was born;
 [02:59:45] he that is mad and sent into England.
 [02:59:50] Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?
 [02:59:53] Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there;
 [02:59:56] or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.
 [02:59:59] Why?
 [03:00:00] 'Twill a not be seen in him there;
 [03:00:01] there the men are as mad as he.
 [03:00:05] How came he mad?
 [03:00:06] Very strangely, they say.
 [03:00:09] How strangely?
 [03:00:10] Faith, e'en with losing his wits.
 [03:00:12] Upon what ground?
 [03:00:13] Why, here in Denmark:
 [03:00:15] I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.
 [03:00:22] How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?
 [03:00:25] I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die--
 [03:00:30] as we have many pocky corses now-a-days,
 [03:00:33] will scarce hold the laying in.
 [03:00:35] He'll last you some eight year or nine year.
 [03:00:37] A tanner will last you nine year.
 [03:00:40] Why he more than another?
 [03:00:41] Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade
 [03:00:45] that it will keep out water a great while;
 [03:00:47] and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body.
 [03:00:56] Here's a skull now;
 [03:00:58] lain in the earth three and twenty years.
 [03:01:01] Whose was it?
 [03:01:02] A whoreson mad fellow's it was:
 [03:01:04] whose do you think it was?
 [03:01:06] Nay, I know not.
 [03:01:08] A pestilence on him for a mad rogue!
 [03:01:12] Poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once.
 [03:01:15] This same skull, sir, was, sir, Yorick's skull,
 [03:01:20] the king's jester.
 [03:01:21] This?
 [03:01:22] E'en that.
 [03:01:24] Let me see.
 [03:01:31] Alas, poor Yorick!
 [03:01:38] I knew him, Horatio:
 [03:01:41] a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy:
 [03:01:46] he hath borne me on his back a thousand times;
 [03:01:53] and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is!
 [03:01:59] My gorge rises at it.
 [03:02:01] Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.
 [03:02:06] Where be your gibes now?

[03:02:08] Your gambols?
 [03:02:09] Your songs?
 [03:02:10] Your flashes of merriment,
 [03:02:13] that were wont to set the table on a roar?
 [03:02:16] Not one now, to mock your own grinning?
 [03:02:20] Quite chap-fallen?
 [03:02:24] Now get you to my lady's chamber,
 [03:02:27] and tell her, let her paint an inch thick,
 [03:02:32] to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.
 [03:02:44] Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.
 [03:02:48] What's that, my lord?
 [03:02:50] Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?
 [03:02:55] E'en so, my lord.
 [03:02:57] And smelt so?
 [03:02:59] Pah!
 [03:03:00] E'en so.
 [03:03:02] To what base uses we may return, Horatio!
 [03:03:06] Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander,
 [03:03:09] till he find it stopping a bung-hole?
 [03:03:12] 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.
 [03:03:15] No, faith, not a jot as thus:
 [03:03:18] Alexander died, Alexander was buried,
 [03:03:20] Alexander returneth into dust;
 [03:03:23] the dust is earth; of earth we make loam;
 [03:03:28] and why of that loam, whereto he was converted,
 [03:03:31] might they not stop a beer-barrel?
 [03:03:35] Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
 [03:03:41] Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
 [03:03:46] O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
 [03:03:51] Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
 [03:03:58] Soft!
 [03:04:00] Soft awhile!
 [03:04:02] Here comes the king, the queen, the courtiers.
 [03:04:04] Who is this they follow?
 [03:04:05] And with such maimed rites?
 [03:04:07] This doth betoken The corse they follow
 [03:04:09] did with desperate hand Fordo it own life:
 [03:04:11] 'twas of some estate.
 [03:04:12] Couch we awhile, and mark.
 [03:04:55] What ceremony else?
 [03:04:56] That is Laertes, A very noble youth: mark.
 [03:05:00] What ceremony else?
 [03:05:02] Her obsequies have been as far enlarged As we have warrantise:
 [03:05:06] her death was doubtful;
 [03:05:08] And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
 [03:05:11] She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
 [03:05:13] Till the last trumpet:
 [03:05:15] for charitable prayers, Shards, flints and pebbles
 [03:05:18] should be thrown on her;
 [03:05:20] Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
 [03:05:22] Her maiden strewments
 [03:05:24] and the bringing home Of bell and burial.
 [03:05:26] Must there no more be done?
 [03:05:28] No more be done:
 [03:05:30] We should profane the service of the dead To sing such requiem
 [03:05:35] and such rest to her As to peace-parted souls.
 [03:05:42] Lay her i' the earth.
 [03:05:47] And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 [03:05:49] May violets spring!
 [03:05:52] I tell thee, churlish priest,

[03:05:55] A ministering angel shall my sister be,
 [03:05:57] When thou liest howling.
 [03:05:58] What, the fair Ophelia!
 [03:06:03] Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
 [03:06:10] I hoped thou wouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
 [03:06:14] I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
 [03:06:19] And not have strew'd thy grave.
 [03:06:23] O, treble woe Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
 [03:06:28] Whose wicked deed
 [03:06:29] thy most ingenious sense Deprived thee of!
 [03:06:32] Hold off the earth awhile,
 [03:06:35] Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
 [03:06:56] Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
 [03:07:00] Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
 [03:07:03] To o'er-top old Pelion,
 [03:07:05] or the skyish head Of blue Olympus.
 [03:07:07] What is he whose grief Bears such an emphasis?
 [03:07:11] Whose phrase of sorrow Conjures the wandering stars
 [03:07:14] and makes them stand Like wonder-wounded hearers?
 [03:07:17] This is I, Hamlet the Dane.
 [03:07:21] The devil take thy soul!
 [03:07:24] Thou pray'st not well.
 [03:07:26] I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
 [03:07:28] Pluck them asunder.
 [03:07:29] Hamlet, Hamlet!
 [03:07:31] Be quiet!
 [03:07:32] I will fight with him upon this theme
 [03:07:34] Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
 [03:07:36] O my son, what theme?
 [03:07:38] I loved Ophelia!
 [03:07:41] Forty thousand brothers Could not,
 [03:07:43] with all their quantity of love, Make up my sum.
 [03:07:46] What wilt thou do for her?
 [03:07:48] O, he's mad, Laertes.
 [03:07:50] For love of God, forbear him.
 [03:07:51] 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do: Woo't weep?
 [03:07:53] Woo't fight?
 [03:07:54] Woo't fast?
 [03:07:55] Woo't tear thyself?
 [03:07:56] Woo't drink up eisel?
 [03:07:58] Eat a crocodile?
 [03:08:00] I'll do't.
 [03:08:01] Dost thou come here to whine?
 [03:08:04] To outface me with leaping in her grave?
 [03:08:07] Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
 [03:08:10] And, if thou prate of mountains,
 [03:08:13] let them throw Millions of acres on us,
 [03:08:16] till our ground, Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 [03:08:19] Make Ossa like a wart!
 [03:08:24] Nay, an thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou.
 [03:08:29] This is mere madness:
 [03:08:31] And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
 [03:08:33] Anon, as patient as the female dove,
 [03:08:35] When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
 [03:08:37] His silence will sit drooping.
 [03:08:41] Hear you, sir;
 [03:08:43] What is the reason that you use me thus?
 [03:08:47] I loved you ever: but it is no matter;
 [03:08:52] Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 [03:08:56] The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

[03:09:03] I pray you, good Horatio, wait on him.
 [03:09:08] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
 [03:09:12] We'll put the matter to the present push.
 [03:09:17] Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
 [03:09:26] This grave shall have a living monument:
 [03:09:30] An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
 [03:09:32] Till then, in patience our proceedings be.
 [03:09:38] So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
 [03:09:42] You do remember all the circumstance?
 [03:09:43] Remember it, my lord?
 [03:09:45] Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
 [03:09:47] That would not let me sleep:
 [03:09:49] methought I lay Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.
 [03:09:53] Rashly, And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
 [03:09:57] Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
 [03:09:59] When our deep plots do pall: and that should learn us
 [03:10:04] There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 [03:10:07] Rough-hew them how we will.
 [03:10:08] That is most certain.
 [03:10:10] Up from my cabin, My sea-gown scarf'd about me,
 [03:10:13] in the dark Groped I to find out them; had my desire.
 [03:10:15] Finger'd their packet,
 [03:10:17] and in fine withdrew To mine own room again;
 [03:10:19] making so bold, My fears forgetting manners,
 [03:10:22] to unseal Their grand commission;
 [03:10:25] where I found, Horatio,-- O royal knavery!--
 [03:10:28] an exact command,
 [03:10:30] Larded with many several sorts of reasons
 [03:10:32] Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
 [03:10:36] With, ho!
 [03:10:37] Such bugs and goblins in my life,
 [03:10:39] That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
 [03:10:42] No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
 [03:10:45] My head should be struck off.
 [03:10:47] Is't possible?
 [03:10:49] Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
 [03:10:51] But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
 [03:10:53] I do beseech you.
 [03:10:54] Being thus be-netted round with villainies,--
 [03:10:56] I sat me down, Devised a new commission, wrote it fair:
 [03:11:01] I once did hold it, as our statistes do,
 [03:11:03] A baseness to write fair and labour'd much
 [03:11:05] How to forget that learning,
 [03:11:06] but, sir, now It did me yeoman's service:
 [03:11:10] wilt thou know The effect of what I wrote?
 [03:11:11] Ay, good my lord.
 [03:11:13] An earnest conjuration from the king,
 [03:11:15] As England was his faithful tributary,
 [03:11:18] As love between them like the palm might flourish,
 [03:11:23] As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
 [03:11:26] And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
 [03:11:28] And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,
 [03:11:31] That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
 [03:11:34] Without debatement further, more or less,
 [03:11:36] He should those bearers put to sudden death,
 [03:11:40] Not shriving-time allow'd.
 [03:11:45] How was this seal'd?
 [03:11:47] Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
 [03:11:49] I had my father's signet in my purse,
 [03:11:51] Which was the model of that Danish seal.

[03:11:55] So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.
 [03:12:00] Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
 [03:12:05] They are not near my conscience;
 [03:12:08] their defeat Does by their own insinuation grow:
 [03:12:12] 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature
 [03:12:14] comes Between the pass and fell incensed points
 [03:12:16] Of mighty opposites.
 [03:12:20] Why, what a king is this!
 [03:12:22] Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon--
 [03:12:24] He that hath kill'd my king, whored my mother,
 [03:12:28] Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
 [03:12:30] Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
 [03:12:32] And with such cozenage--
 [03:12:33] is't not perfect conscience, To quit him with this arm?
 [03:12:36] and is't not to be damn'd,
 [03:12:39] To let this canker of our nature
 [03:12:41] come In further evil?
 [03:12:50] It must be shortly known to him from England
 [03:12:52] What is the issue of the business there.
 [03:12:57] It will be short: the interim is mine;
 [03:13:03] And a man's life's no more than to say, "One."
 [03:13:07] But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
 [03:13:09] That to Laertes I forgot myself;
 [03:13:11] For, by the image of my cause, I see The portraiture of his:
 [03:13:17] I'll court his favours.
 [03:13:18] But, sure, the bravery of his grief
 [03:13:20] did put me Into a towering passion.
 [03:13:22] Peace!
 [03:13:23] Who comes here?
 [03:13:24] Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.
 [03:13:27] I humbly thank you, sir.
 [03:13:30] Dost know this water-fly?
 [03:13:32] No, good my lord.
 [03:13:33] Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him.
 [03:13:36] He hath much land, and fertile.
 [03:13:39] 'Tis a chough; but, as I say,
 [03:13:40] spacious in the possession of dirt.
 [03:13:42] Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure,
 [03:13:45] I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.
 [03:13:48] I shall receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit.
 [03:13:50] Put your bonnet to his right use;
 [03:13:53] 'tis for the head.
 [03:13:55] I thank your lordship. It is very hot.
 [03:13:56] No, believe me, it's very cold; the wind is northerly.
 [03:14:02] It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.
 [03:14:05] And yet methinks it is very sultry and hot
 [03:14:08] for my complexion.
 [03:14:10] Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,--
 [03:14:13] as 'twere,-- I cannot tell how.
 [03:14:19] But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you
 [03:14:22] that he has laid a great wager on your head:
 [03:14:26] sir, this is the matter,--
 [03:14:27] I beseech you, sir, remember--
 [03:14:29] Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith.
 [03:14:35] Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes;
 [03:14:42] believe me, an absolute gentleman,
 [03:14:44] full of most excellent differences,
 [03:14:46] of very soft society and great showing;
 [03:14:49] indeed, to speak feelingly of him,
 [03:14:51] he is the card or calendar of gentry,

[03:14:54] for you shall find in him the continent
 [03:14:56] of what part a gentleman would see.
 [03:14:58] Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;
 [03:15:02] though, I know, to divide him inventorially
 [03:15:05] would dizzy the arithmetic of memory,
 [03:15:06] and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail.
 [03:15:09] But, in the verity of extolment,
 [03:15:11] I take him to be a soul of great article;
 [03:15:14] and his infusion of such dearth and rareness,
 [03:15:17] as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror;
 [03:15:22] and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.
 [03:15:26] O, Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.
 [03:15:30] The concernancy, sir?
 [03:15:31] Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?
 [03:15:36] Sir?
 [03:15:38] Is't not possible to understand in another tongue?
 [03:15:42] You will do't, sir, really.
 [03:15:43] What imports the nomination of this gentleman?
 [03:15:45] Of Laertes?
 [03:15:49] His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.
 [03:15:53] Of him, sir.
 [03:15:54] I know you are not ignorant.
 [03:15:56] I would you did;
 [03:15:57] and yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.
 [03:16:00] Well, sir?
 [03:16:01] You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.
 [03:16:05] I dare not confess that,
 [03:16:07] lest I should compare with him in excellence;
 [03:16:10] but, to know a man well were to know himself.
 [03:16:13] I mean, sir, for his weapon;
 [03:16:15] but in the imputation laid on him by them,
 [03:16:17] in his meed he's unfellowed.
 [03:16:20] What's his weapon?
 [03:16:22] Rapier and dagger.
 [03:16:25] That's two of his weapons: but, well.
 [03:16:30] The king, sir, hath laid, sir,
 [03:16:32] that in a dozen passes between yourself and him,
 [03:16:34] he shall not exceed you three hits:
 [03:16:36] he hath laid on twelve for nine;
 [03:16:38] and it would come to immediate trial,
 [03:16:40] if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.
 [03:16:44] How if I answer "no"?
 [03:16:50] I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.
 [03:16:57] Sir, I will walk here in the hall:
 [03:16:59] if it please his majesty,
 [03:17:01] 'tis the breathing time of day with me;
 [03:17:03] let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing,
 [03:17:06] and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an' I can;
 [03:17:11] if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.
 [03:17:17] Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?
 [03:17:18] To this effect.
 [03:17:21] After what flourish your nature will.
 [03:17:25] I commend my duty to your lordship.
 [03:17:27] Yours, yours.
 [03:17:43] He does well to commend it himself;
 [03:17:45] there are no tongues else for's turn.
 [03:17:50] This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.
 [03:17:54] He did comply so with his dug before he sucked it.
 [03:17:57] You will lose this wager, my lord.
 [03:17:59] I do not think so: since he went into France,

[03:18:03] I have been in continual practice:
 [03:18:06] I shall win at the odds.
 [03:18:09] But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart:
 [03:18:13] but it is no matter.
 [03:18:14] Nay, good my lord.
 [03:18:15] It is but foolery.
 [03:18:18] But yet it is such a kind of gain-giving
 [03:18:20] as would perhaps trouble a woman.
 [03:18:23] If your mind dislike any thing, obey it:
 [03:18:28] I will forestall their repair hither
 [03:18:29] and say you are not fit.
 [03:18:30] Not a whit, we defy augury.
 [03:18:35] There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.
 [03:18:40] If it be now, 'tis not to come;
 [03:18:43] if it be not to come, it will be now;
 [03:18:47] if it be not now, yet it will come:
 [03:18:54] the readiness is all.
 [03:18:57] Let be.
 [03:19:00] Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.
 [03:19:04] Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;
 [03:19:08] But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
 [03:19:10] This presence knows, And you must needs have heard,
 [03:19:14] how I am punish'd With a sore distraction.
 [03:19:16] What I have done,
 [03:19:18] That might your nature, honour, and exception Roughly awake,
 [03:19:21] I here proclaim was madness.
 [03:19:26] Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes?
 [03:19:27] Never Hamlet: If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
 [03:19:31] And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
 [03:19:34] Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
 [03:19:36] Who does it, then?
 [03:19:38] His madness: if't be so,
 [03:19:41] Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
 [03:19:43] His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
 [03:19:46] Sir, in this audience,
 [03:19:47] Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
 [03:19:49] Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
 [03:19:52] That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
 [03:19:56] And hurt my brother.
 [03:19:58] I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case,
 [03:20:01] should stir me most To my revenge:
 [03:20:03] but in my terms of honour I stand aloof;
 [03:20:06] and will no reconcilment,
 [03:20:09] Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
 [03:20:11] I have a voice and precedent of peace,
 [03:20:13] To keep my name ungored.
 [03:20:15] But till that time, I do receive your offer'd love like love,
 [03:20:19] And will not wrong it.
 [03:20:21] I embrace it freely;
 [03:20:23] And will this brother's wager frankly play.
 [03:20:26] Give us the foils.
 [03:20:27] Come on.
 [03:20:28] Come, one for me.
 [03:20:29] I'll be your foil, Laertes:
 [03:20:31] in mine ignorance Your skill shall,
 [03:20:33] like a star i' the darkest night,
 [03:20:34] Stick fiery off indeed.
 [03:20:36] You mock me, sir.
 [03:20:37] No, by this hand.
 [03:20:40] Give them the foils, young Osric.

[03:20:42] Hamlet, You know the wager?
 [03:20:44] Very well, my lord.
 [03:20:45] Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.
 [03:20:48] I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
 [03:20:50] But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.
 [03:20:53] This is too heavy. Let me see another.
 [03:20:54] This likes me well.
 [03:20:57] These foils have all a length?
 [03:20:59] Ay, my good lord.
 [03:21:03] Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.
 [03:21:06] If Hamlet make the first or second hit
 [03:21:09] Or quit in answer of the third exchanges,
 [03:21:10] Let all the battlements their ordnance fire:
 [03:21:13] The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
 [03:21:17] And in the cup an union shall he throw,
 [03:21:21] Richer than that which four successive kings
 [03:21:23] In Denmark's crown have worn.
 [03:21:27] Give me the cup;
 [03:21:32] And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
 [03:21:34] The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
 [03:21:37] The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
 [03:21:40] "Now the king drinks to Hamlet."
 [03:21:51] Come, begin: And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
 [03:22:01] Come on, sir.
 [03:22:03] Come, my lord.
 [03:22:11] One.
 [03:22:12] No.
 [03:22:13] Judgment.
 [03:22:15] A hit, a very palpable hit.
 [03:22:17] Well; again.
 [03:22:18] Stay; give me drink.
 [03:22:24] Hamlet, this pearl is thine; Here's to thy health.
 [03:22:35] Give him the cup.
 [03:22:37] I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
 [03:22:40] Come.
 [03:23:21] Another hit. What say you?
 [03:23:23] A touch, a touch, I do confess.
 [03:23:27] Our son shall win.
 [03:23:29] He's fat, and scant of breath.
 [03:23:30] Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
 [03:23:35] The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
 [03:23:37] Good madam!
 [03:23:39] Gertrude, do not drink.
 [03:23:42] I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
 [03:23:47] It is the poison'd cup: it is too late.
 [03:23:51] I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
 [03:23:54] Come, let me wipe thy face.
 [03:23:57] My lord, I'll hit him now.
 [03:23:59] I do not think't.
 [03:24:04] And yet it is almost against my conscience.
 [03:24:08] Come, for the third, Laertes.
 [03:24:10] You but dally; I pray you, pass with your best violence;
 [03:24:14] I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
 [03:24:17] Say you so?
 [03:24:19] Come on.
 [03:24:37] Nothing, neither way.
 [03:24:47] Have at you now!
 [03:25:04] Part them; they're incensed.
 [03:25:05] Nay, come, again.
 [03:25:26] Look to the queen there, ho!

[03:25:27] They bleed on both sides.
[03:25:28] How is it, my lord?
[03:25:29] How is't, Laertes?
[03:25:30] Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
[03:25:34] I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
[03:25:37] How does the queen?
[03:25:38] She swoonds to see them bleed.
[03:25:41] No, no, the drink, the drink,--O my dear Hamlet,--
[03:25:47] The drink, the drink!
[03:25:50] I am poison'd.
[03:25:54] O villany!
[03:25:56] Ho!
[03:25:57] Let the doors be lock'd: Treachery!
[03:25:59] Seek it out.
[03:26:00] It is here, Hamlet:
[03:26:02] Hamlet, thou art slain;
[03:26:06] No medicine in the world can do thee good;
[03:26:09] In thee there is not half an hour's life;
[03:26:12] The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
[03:26:15] Unbated and envenom'd.
[03:26:21] The foul practice Hath turn'd itself on me.
[03:26:27] Lo, here I lie, Never to rise again:
[03:26:32] thy mother's poison'd: I can no more.
[03:26:38] The king, the king's to blame.
[03:26:43] The point!--envenom'd too!
[03:26:47] Then, venom, to thy work.
[03:26:52] Treason!
[03:26:54] Treason!
[03:26:57] O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
[03:27:01] Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
[03:27:04] Drink off this potion.
[03:27:06] Is thy union here?
[03:27:08] Follow my mother.
[03:27:13] He is justly served;
[03:27:15] It is a poison temper'd by him--
[03:27:20] Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
[03:27:25] Mine and my father's death come not on thee,
[03:27:28] Nor thine on me.
[03:27:33] Heaven make thee free of it!
[03:27:36] I follow thee.
[03:27:38] I am dead, Horatio.
[03:27:43] Wretched queen, adieu!
[03:27:47] You that look pale and tremble at this chance
[03:27:53] That are but mutes or audience to this act,
[03:27:56] Had I but time-- as this fell sergeant, death,
[03:28:00] Is strict in his arrest-- I could tell you--
[03:28:04] But let it be.
[03:28:07] Horatio, I am dead; Thou livest;
[03:28:14] report me and my cause aright To the unsatisfied.
[03:28:18] Never believe it: I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
[03:28:22] Here's yet some liquor left.
[03:28:23] As thou'rt a man, Give me the cup.
[03:28:25] Let go; by heaven.
[03:28:27] O God Horatio,
[03:28:28] If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart
[03:28:30] Absent thee from felicity awhile,
[03:28:33] And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
[03:28:37] To tell my story.
[03:28:43] What warlike noise is this?
[03:28:45] Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

[03:28:47] To the ambassadors of England gives This warlike volley.
[03:28:50] O, I die, Horatio;
[03:28:54] The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
[03:28:57] I cannot live to hear the news from England;
[03:29:01] But I do prophesy the election lights On Fortinbras:
[03:29:07] he has my dying voice;
[03:29:11] So tell him, with the occurrents,
[03:29:16] more and less, Which have solicited.
[03:29:26] The rest is silence.
[03:29:41] Now cracks a noble heart.
[03:29:51] Good night, sweet prince.
[03:29:55] And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
[03:30:00] Why does the drum come hither?
[03:30:06] Where is this sight?
[03:30:13] What is it ye would see?
[03:30:16] If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
[03:30:20] This quarry cries on havoc.
[03:30:25] O proud death,
[03:30:29] What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
[03:30:31] That thou so many princes at a shot
[03:30:34] So bloodily hast struck?
[03:30:36] The sight is dismal;
[03:30:39] And our affairs from England come too late:
[03:30:43] The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
[03:30:46] To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
[03:30:49] That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
[03:30:54] Where should we have our thanks?
[03:30:57] Not from his mouth,
[03:30:58] Had it the ability of life to thank you:
[03:31:01] He never gave commandment for their deaths.
[03:31:06] But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
[03:31:09] You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
[03:31:12] Are here arrived give orders that these bodies
[03:31:15] High on a stage be placed to the view;
[03:31:18] And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
[03:31:21] How these things came about:
[03:31:24] so shall you hear Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
[03:31:29] Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
[03:31:32] Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
[03:31:37] And, in this upshot,
[03:31:39] purposes mistook Fall'n on the inventors' heads:
[03:31:45] all this can I Truly deliver.
[03:31:47] Let us haste to hear it.
[03:31:50] Call the noblest to the audience.
[03:31:53] For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
[03:31:59] I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
[03:32:02] Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
[03:32:05] That I shall have also cause to speak,
[03:32:09] And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more.
[03:32:15] Let this same be presently perform'd,
[03:32:16] Even while men's minds are wild;
[03:32:19] lest more mischance On plots and errors, happen.
[03:32:25] Let four captains Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
[03:32:29] For he was likely, had he been put on,
[03:32:31] To have proved most royal.
[03:32:38] And for his passage,
[03:32:39] The soldiers' music and the rites of war
[03:32:44] Speak loudly for him.
[03:32:53] Take up the bodies.
[03:32:56] Such a sight as this Becomes the field,

[03:33:01] but here shows much amiss.

[03:33:06] Go, bid the soldiers shoot.